

NEW SERIES. No. 9.



THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

APRIL 1st, 1813.

CAPUT—NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

NOTICE.—Having, in a subsequent portion of this number of the *Satirist*, treated the painful subject which so much occupies public attention with the gravity its nature demands, we take leave, at setting out, to enter our protest against any thing in our *Caricature* being construed into an application against a female of high rank, whose condition is too melancholy to admit of ridicule, and respecting whom every matter is too important to be treated with LEVITY. Our object is to show, that the unguardedness, the follies, or the indiscretions of the great, may furnish weapons wherewith to arm the factious, strengthen the discontented, and enable the disloyal to bring even royalty into contempt and danger.

THE CAPUT—OXFORD.

Lord Oh. Do you expect any more company, my love?

Lady Oh. No! my deer!

Lord Archer. Then we may proceed to business. While the politicians arrange their affairs, we will look to ours, my sweet lady! and I dare say his lordship will go out of the room, if you wish it.

Lady Oh. Certainly! I have ever accustomed him to that kind of obedience. Since the good Irish days, when Arthur the Bold used to terrify him with his howl, through the milder times of the beauteous baronet, he has been a kind, condescending, licence-giving husband. However, as this is a *Caput* more for the settlement of public than of private matters, it is but fit that the ornamented head of the first house of Oxford should grace the assembly.

Lawyer Hearth-Broom. Assuredly; let every thing be done legally, and in a right way. Your la-ship as a femme couverte (which you certainly are) can do no proper act without the co-operation of your husband, whose jus marit

Lady Oh. Fiddle-de-di for the co-operation of husbands! I have done many things entirely independent of any jus—what is it?—But, no matter for that now: to the business; what do you propose to do with that brat in the basket?

Lawyer H. B. With due deference to your la-ship, let us first settle the precise nature of the jus

Lady Oh. I tell you, Sir, I am my own mistress, your mistress, any body's and every body's mistress; and I am my lord's master, and I will have my own way, and I

will not be baulked, or thwarted, or contradicted—No! that I won't.

Lord Archer. No more you sha'n't, lovee!

Sir Franko de Towro. My dear Lawyer, don't be so stiff and positive. Be as obstinate, wrangling, testy, and disagreeable as you please elsewhere, but do not mar all, by entering into a controversy with a woman.

Lawyer H. B. What! shall I yield, when law and reason are both with me? I who have vanquished, when neither the one nor the other were upon my side?

Sir Franko. (Aside to him.) You had better! I assure you, I have had experience of a rencountre with that lady, and got no glory in the contest.

Lawyer H. B. I know it. Well then, my lady; speaking to your la-ship as a femme seule; and addressing you, Sir Franko, as a double man, this orphan (I cannot choose but weep on pronouncing so melancholy a name); this orphan, I say, whose father and mother are both alive, and hard-working people in the Docks, or rather Dock-yard, at Deptford, this orphan being committed to my charge under very peculiar circumstances, I propose to enter into a contract for his marriage with that dear little girl of yours, so that there may be an union among those to whom either Folly or T——n look as aspirants to the C——n. My charge represents Folly; your B——rd, T——n. What think ye of the match?

Lady Oh. I like the idea vastly. They say that Providence provides for fools, and I know that villany provides for itself. Why then may not the protégé of the one, and the offspring of the other, look, in union, for especial good-luck and success in the world?

Sir Franko. By my sacred order! I like the proposal well. If it never come to good, it will at least keep alive confusion and disorder. We will lay the flattering

unction of possibility to our souls, at all our secret meetings. What is clear as the sun in the birth of that boy we will endeavour to perplex, and what is too clear in the birth of that girl we will attempt to obscure—and, from perplexing and obscuring—and lying—and asserting—and misrepresenting—and defaming—we'll do!

Lady Oh. We'll do!

Lord Archer. We'll do!

Lawyer H. B. We'll do!

} all together.

Lord Oh. (Sighing to himself.) We'll not do!

QUINTETTE.

Lord Archer. By this sceptre tumbling down!

Sir Franko. By this kick'd-from-cushion crown!

Lawyer H. B. By the Hospital of Brown—
low Street!

Lady Oh. By this b—st—rd of my own!

Lord Oh. By my horns which long have grown!

All. We'll ascend the M—rch's th—n—
ed seat.

CHORUS.

Lord Archer. Joviality,

Sir Franko. No reality,

Lawyer H. B. Hospital-ity,

All. There will ever be,

Lady Oh. I shall please ye,

Lord Oh. I must be easy,

All. And we'll all be happy in pomp and royalty.

Lawyer H. B. Bravo! glorioso! Now let us swear the compact.

Omnes. "Agreed."

[This ceremony being performed with mystic rites, fit for no eye save the eye of the initiated, Billy and Betty, the embryo K—g and Q—n of Faction's imagination, are

returned into their respective basket and band-box, to be kept for occasion.]

Sir Franko. This sacred ceremony concluded, it is fitting that our dearly beloved Friend and Ally on the Continent should be apprized of the fact, and leagued with us in a secret treaty.

Lord Archer. But it is impossible to get information conveyed to him.

Sir Franko. Pish! I can send information to him every day, by newspapers, by his own spies in this country, by speeches in P——t, and a thousand other ways; but a common mode will not do upon so grand an event as this. We must announce it by an extraordinary embassy composed of persons of rank.

Lord Archer. (Aside.) I don't like this. Though in opposition, I will not be a t——r; and though the Cecis-beo of a ——, I will not be a —— (aloud)—I feel a sudden sickness, a kind of qualmishness come over me, and must withdraw into another apartment for air—(rising to go out).

Lady Oh. I will go with you, and nurse you, poor dear lord! how pale it looks! Settle the other matter as you please, I am agreeable to any thing. [They retire.]

Lord Oh. (Scratching his forehead.) Heigh-ho.

Sir Franko. (Looking after them.) Go thy ways, simpleton, and ——.

Lawyer H. B. It strikes me that we might obtain passports from the English government, if we could from the French.

Sir Franko. (Interrupting him.) They can be easily got from the French.

Lawyer H. B. Then Lord Oh, and Lady Oh, under pretence of visiting some foreign place, might pass through

France, and lay our proceedings at the feet of the august Emperor.

Sir Franko. An admirable thought—it shall be done. What say you, my lord?

Lord Oh. I will go with pleasure; but trust you will not send that qualm-taking Lord Archer with us.

Lawyer H. B. By no means—he is not quite for our purposes; however, love may trammel him at this moment.

After this, conversation became more indifferent—the children were permitted to play a little with the baubles on the table—and Lord Archer returning, perfectly restored by the lady, the plan was communicated to him and her ladyship. They opposed it at first, on the ground of the cruelty of their separation; but, on mature consideration that the grand object in view, which this sacrifice would expedite, was to bring down punishment on the head of adultery, they consented to do violence upon their own feelings, for the sake of promoting the cause of patriotism and virtue!!!!

MR. PERCEVAL.

AT a period when the memory of the lamented SPENCER PERCEVAL is exposed to obloquy by his conduct's being compared to the conduct of Mr. Whitbread, we deem it not unfit to republish the following appropriate tribute to his unspotted character:

Mr. Charles Grant, junior, of Waternish, on being elected for the Boroughs of Inverness, Nairn, &c. addressed his constituents in a most eloquent and impressive speech, of which the following is an extract—

“Willingly, Gentlemen, would I now close the series of events which made the last session so memorable, but

more yet remains. That session was stained with innocent blood—blackened by a crime rarely known in our annals. The first officer of the crown, engaged in the most sacred function of his ministerial capacity, that of meeting the representatives of the people, fell, in the very sanctuary of parliament, by the hand of an assassin. You joined in that very cry of horror which burst from all quarters of the kingdom. You laid your dutiful sympathies at the foot of the throne. And never were sympathies more truly excited, never were tears more just than those which flowed over the grave of Mr. Perceval. Equally to be admired as a minister and a man, while the purity of his principles, his blameless and exemplary life, the warmth of his affections, the gentleness of his heart, the ardour of his charity, peculiarly fitted him for the sheltered scenes of domestic happiness, the dignity of his intellect, the keenness of his penetration, the justness of his views, his loyalty to the constitution, his ardent patriotism, his unimpeachable virtue, his matchless intrepidity in the cause of duty, pointed him out for that lofty sphere, to which he was elevated. Who can forget with what magnanimity he rose in defence of the crown, when the crown seemed to be left without any defence? Who can forget that the exigency of the crisis, that test of real genius, before which little men sink, and great men become themselves, seemed to inspire him with talents and energies, even beyond those of his ordinary range—while he protected the throne from violation; while with filial solicitude he watched over the sick couch of his sovereign; while he shielded that venerable head from the shafts of faction and malignity; while he kept at bay a host of opponents, not more formidable for numbers, than for ability and resolution; thus at the same time satisfying the claims of humanity, and the sterner dictates of justice, obeying his affections and his reason, and performing at once, in every

part, his duty as a son to a father, as a subject to his king, as a citizen to the commonwealth. Who can forget that eloquence, not perhaps of the highest order, yet distinguished by traits of greatness, not perhaps measured in its march, nor nurtured in the shady spaces of philosophy, yet keen, active, penetrating, admirably fitted for combat, pliable in its movements, invincible in debate, triumphant in reply—that eloquence, which, without courting the flowers of fancy, was yet sometimes elevated to a sublime height by the mere force of inward sentiment, by the intense conviction of a generous and high-souled principle? Well do I remember the indignant tones in which, but a few nights before his death, he asserted the cause of the constitution; when, in allusion to the disturbances which have disgraced England, in a speech literally carried along by the acclamations of an admiring audience, he reprobated the opinion of those who recommended delay in the use of coercive measures; when he exclaimed, “Shall we await to see who is the next victim of assassination?” Gentlemen, his murderer was then in the House of Commons. Those words were at that moment ringing in the ears of him who was destined to make them prophetic. That career of glory is closed; but, though he is gone, he has left behind him an example which posterity will not willingly forget. He has above all left to every statesman, a striking lesson how much public virtue is embellished and sanctified by private excellence; and how truly he consults his fame, who in the first instance consults only his conscience.

“Forgive me, Gentlemen, if I have detained you too long round that tomb; a tomb made sacred by such excellence, and by the griefs of a whole people; and round which the virtuous life of that great man, and the circumstances of his death, have conspired to throw a lustre as of a martyrdom.”

(207)

BIBLIOGRAPHY—ANCIENT MSS.

No. 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

London, February 4th, 1813.

SIR,

I NEVER paid Two Shillings and Sixpence with so much satisfaction for a page of literary information as in purchasing the last number of the *Satirist*.—The article on Bibliography MSS. is a treasure I have long been hunting after, and only regret its abridged form. A continuation of the subject, as it admits of extension, will be the most acceptable gratification you can possibly give to an inquirer after MSS.

Any Information referring to authors, books, &c. &c. will be thankfully received on the above subject.

Also of HOMER,
(flourished, according to the Arundelian Marbles, 907 B.C.)

Where are the most ancient Manuscripts?

On what written?

Are there several copies?

After the invention of printing was brought to perfection, were the Manuscripts thought of little value?

Every pains has been taken to trace the progress of printing: it has long appeared to the writer of these remarks a grand desiderata to see a work on Ancient MSS. describing them chronologically, and in what libraries of Europe they are deposited; also, at the same time, relating the principal impediments and obstacles which have arisen, such as the burning of the Alexan-

drian Library, A. D. 642—the burning of Rome by the Gauls, A. 385—the removal of the Imperial throne from Rome to Constantinople—the barbarity of Caligula towards Livy—the destruction of Arabian Poetry by Mahomet, &c. &c.

Desirous of gratifying the wishes expressed in the preceding letter, and also of several other correspondents who have addressed us on this subject, we shall give insertion to a series of notices on the matters enumerated; which will, we are sure (from the abilities of our informant), be at once curious, instructive, and entertaining.—EDITOR.

PRINTED BOOKS.

We do not intend to give the history of the invention of the press, which is to be found in many books, but only recall to the memory of the reader the beginning and progress of its perfection to our days.

The printed books began in the 15th century; and all those, which were printed before the year 1500, are called **FIRST EDITION**, or *Editio Princeps*, though this denomination has since been also given to scarce books, though printed several times, and the *Editio Princeps* of such, means one of the copies of the first edition from the original manuscript.

Printing began at *Muntz* (Mayence), where *Gutemberg* was the first to print books with cast types, in the year 1440. It is true, however, that, in the year 1428, Lawrence Haster printed some books at Harlem, but these were executed with letters carved on boards of hard wood.

The first book printed with cast type by *Gutemberg* was the great Latin Dictionary by *John a Janua*, without date or printer's name. It is printed on thick paper with-

out capital letters, without punctuation, and without the catch-word at the bottom of a page. In the year 1450 he began to print the *Latin Bible*, which was completed, in 1462, by *Faustus* and *Scheffer*, who continued the work, as well as the business. Soon after followed the *Janua Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*, in 1459; and the *Constitutiones Clementinæ*, and *Janua Catholicum*, by *John Baidi*, in 1462.

It is to be observed, that none of the first printed books, at least the most ancient, have any capital letters, or are marked with a small letter in the middle of a large square blank space; which spaces were still coloured in ornaments as before used in the manuscripts; and the small letter, smaller than the type of the work, served only as a guide to the reader. Books of first impression which have these miniatures are in greater estimation than those which have none. There is either no date, or it is at the end of the book. They begin without a title, are without periods or commas, and without the catch-word at the bottom of the page. Some are printed on vellum. The first book with Greek types is the *Greek Grammar* by *Constantine Lascaris*, at Pieve del Sacco, in the territory of Padua; and in 1478 the first Hebrew book was printed.

It is worth while, however, to remark, that it is still doubtful if the first typographical experiments made by *Gutenberg* were with letters carved on wood or of cast metal; and it is thought that his *Latin Bible*, of which only the second volume printed on vellum or parchment exists, proves that the type was of wood.

After these first experiments, the most celebrated printer is *Aldus Manutius* at Venice. He was a great Greek scholar, and so perfect in Latin, that his *Latin Catechismus Romanus* (written by him at the request of

the General Council of Trent) is only inferior to Cicero for the elegance of its style and the purity of its language. After having improved the letters, he directed his attention to the perfection of the proofs by liberally rewarding the correctors of the press. And, in addition to this, it is recorded of him, that when correctors had given up a proof as *ready for the press*, he used to hand them for revision to his three daughters, also good scholars, promising them a penny for each error they could detect; and tradition says, that what they earned by this means was the best part of their portions in marriage. Paul, and Aldus Manutius his son and nephew, continued the business with equal reputation, and established the standard of the art of printing.

There has been printed, of late years, a descriptive and critical catalogue of *Editiones Aldinae*, by reference to which amateurs may with safety collect the whole set, which is esteemed a valuable ornament to a library.

The *Aldi* began to give good specimens of italic types, and *Valgriso*, *Rovillio*, *Giolito*, *Grifio*, reached great perfection in this mode of printing. The editions of the *Giunti* of Florence are much esteemed; and were formerly the most admired, especially their Greek editions.

The Dutch editions. Those carefully executed are excellent specimens of the art. *Elzevir* small editions are in particular high in estimation, both for neatness and correctness. *His Virgil*, 16mo. is the most valued among the French scholars. The *Etiennes* are beautiful and scarce, particularly those of *Henricus Stephanus*. He was the first of the family, and his best performance is the *Psalterium* (Book of Psalms), printed in five columns. The second *Etienne* was the earliest published of the *Bible* divided into verses; and his *Hebrew Bible*, in 8vo. is more esteemed than that in 4to. The best work of the third of them is his *Anacreon* translated into French.

Among the Germans, *Turneiesen* and *Fober* are the only two which are admired of the early printers.

The Spaniards have become of late very good printers. The best specimen is the Spanish translation of *Salust* by the infant Don Gabriel; fol. Madrid, 1772, by Joachin de Ibarra, who has printed several beautiful books.

The English *Baskerville* had obtained the highest reputation among modern printers, till the eminence of his fame was superseded by *Bodoni*, who elevated typography to the *ne plus ultra* of the art. It will probably gratify the reader to have a short account of the origin of this typography as established at Parma from its commencement.—John Baptist and Joseph Bodoni were two brothers, printers at Saluzzo, the capital of Mondovi, twenty miles from Turin. The youngest brother, John Baptist, now surviving, was an eminent *caster of letters*; and their genius prompted them to so many improvements in the art of typography, that they formed a wish to set out with their plan all at once, but it required more powerful support than mere individual exertion. They attempted to gain the king of Sardinia over to their interests; but, after a long and tedious delay, were obliged to look elsewhere, and applied with their plan to the Duke of Parma, who was the *Mecenas* of Italy, and had at his court the best scholars of that country, particularly in polite literature. They received a fund of two millions of livres of Parma*.

Types of all the known languages of the world were cast; and of these they were enabled to exhibit the

* A livre of Parma is something less than twopence halfpenny English. As their nobles count their incomes by millions, their seemingly enormous revenue is the ridicule of Italy.

specimens, thereby achieving the most noble revenge on the court of Turin, for their neglect towards such deserving and meritorious subjects. At that time Charles Emanuel, the late King of Sardinia, was married to the sister of Lewis XVI. of France. Bodoni had caused to be composed eulogiums in poetry, or inscriptions, as written by all the most conspicuous towns and communities of Piedmont, and other counties, subject to the king, in homage and compliment to the marriage; and as many in number as all the different languages for which they had cast types: each eulogium occupies a page of royal folio, and at the top of every page there are vignettes, representing figures and attributes of all the different towns to which the eulogium below is attributed. The court of Turin, and all Europe, were astonished at this performance; and the good-natured King, Victor Amadeus III. expressed strongly his mortification amidst the rejoicings of the wedding. This book is very scarce, and the only specimen of the whole Bodonian types.

Their first famous publication was the Greek *Callimachus*. Anacreon, the *Pastor fido*, in small folio, are much esteemed and scarce; but the amateurs agree that their Horace, folio, is the best of their performances. This is now purchased at more than Fifty Guineas a copy, and a good copy is worth double that sum.

The foreign type-casters praise their Greek types above any other of the kind; and as to his *italic alphabets*, it is acknowledged, on all hands, that they are inimitable. Some of his types had angles so acute as to offend the eye, but he soon changed that style. The *Castle of Otranto*, printed by him for Mr. Edwards, is thought to have that fault.

The secret of his eminence (not yet discovered by

others) is, that the printed sheets come out of the press with the letters as flat as if *hot-pressed*, by which advantage they look as if they were engraved, and the paper does not lose its granulated appearance. When other printers of Italy print with types cast by him, they say in the title, *Con caratteri Bodoniani* (with Bodonian types), but none of his best have yet appeared out of his own Printing-Office.

We will close this article by noticing, with great esteem, Didot, printer, of Paris; but as he first set out (with his French gaiety) by proposing himself as the rival of Bodoni, or rather as superior to him, we must look to a future day to see his boast accomplished.

Collections are much esteemed in a library, as the best *Aldi, Elzevir, Giunti, Bodoni, &c.*

The collection of the *Collana* (a collier) has been long time the rage as a collection of Italian editions. It is so called, because, in the cut of the title, there is, as an ornament, a collier of pearls under a head in the middle. These books are about sixteen in number, the catalogue of which is to be found in the Bibliography by De Bure.

All the works *ad usum Delphini* are also well known as fine useful ornaments for a library.

B.



AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD.

From QUEVEDO.

(Continued from page 203.)

I WAS accordingly dispatched to school, where I was well received by the master; who was pleased with my

physiognomy, and observed, that it denoted a good understanding. This encouragement induced me to apply to my task with a good will; and my whole demeanor was such that I soon became the favourite of the family, and particularly of the mistress—for whom I took every occasion of doing kind offices. My ambition induced me to attach myself to such of the children who were the sons of gentlemen; and especially to the son of Don Alonso Coronel de Zuniga. In the holidays I accompanied him to his house; and, in short, we were at all times together. This distinction drew upon me the envy of the rest of the boys of my own rank, who seized every opportunity of insulting me. Unfortunately for me, the well-known circumstances of my parents afforded them too many points for attack. I obtained the nickname of *Don Razor*, and was loaded at once with all the scandal which both father and mother had carefully accumulated upon themselves, during a period of thirty or forty years. But I determined to suppress my resentment until a more commanding situation should enable me to display it to effect; well aware of the weakness of my defences, and that nothing better than patience and temper could be opposed to their assaults.

One day, however, one of the bitterest of my enemies, far from being mollified by the appearance of meekness I had assumed, called me publicly, and with a loud voice, “a son of a —, and a witch.” Such was my indifference, that, had he contented himself with whispering this truth in my ear, he might have spared himself a more substantial injury than the one he had inflicted; but the malignant publicity he gave to it obliged me to mark him for exemplary chastisement. I coolly opened his head with the assistance of the largest stone which lay near me, and immediately ran home for refuge, hiding

myself within the laboratory of my mother; which, like the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the Israelites, was completely inaccessible to the Gentiles. Having recounted my adventure to the haggard chemist, she commended my spirit; but observed, that I should first have inquired after the author of the calumny. To regulate my future conduct on such occasions, or rather to remove some doubts which I began myself to entertain upon the subject, I begged her, with much simplicity, to inform me, whether I was indebted for my appearance in this vale of tears to the united contributions of many, or was in reality the son of my own father? She smiled and exclaimed—"Ha, lad! so knowing already? You are no fool, I perceive! Whoever was your father, rest satisfied that I am your mother. You were right to break the young rascal's head; for such matters, although true, are not to be talked of." I was confounded at this significant intimation, as my recent adventures had induced me to suspect, that it was of some importance to a man under what auspices he made his *entré* into the world; and that many fathers did not stand in the same profitable relation to a child as many subscribers to a book. From that time I began to form a desire of withdrawing myself altogether from connexions, which seemed to oppose such formidable obstacles to my advancement in life. As for the boy who had been the object of my vengeance, his wound was cured by the barber, notwithstanding his regard for the reputation of his rib; and, in consideration of the provocation, I escaped receiving any punishment for the outrage.

In the mean time I flattered and courted the young Diego by all those little arts which win insensibly the affections of children. I joined in all his amusements, and was content to bear the brunt in every fray in which

we happened to be mutually concerned. I applauded and took my advantage of his errors; although I sometimes paid dearly for my complaisance. There was a certain bully, called Pontius de Aguirre, who resided near us; and who had incurred the displeasure of the boys by his irascible temper, the effects of which they had frequently felt. Meeting this redoubtable hero one day in the streets, the young gentleman desired me to follow and call him *Pontius Pilate*; a term, among all good Catholics, of the greatest reproach. I obeyed, and so zealously performed my part, that the newly-created, but highly-incensed, prætor ran after me with a knife in his hand, with the intention of dispatching me upon the spot. I fled to the house of the schoolmaster, who could only appease the deadly resentment of the foe, by undertaking to inflict upon me, immediately, a severe flagellation. I was accordingly horsed, exposed *en cuerpo*, and asked after every lash—"Will you ever say Pontius Pilate again?" I as frequently replied, with much sincerity, "No, Sir;" and such was the impression this discipline made upon my mind, that, having afterwards to repeat, in the creed, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate," I innocently substituted the name of the bravo; whose terrible aspect appeared to be well adapted to the office of an executioner. The master, a good-natured man, laughed heartily at the equivocal compliment I had paid to my enemy; and, in compassion of my sufferings, promised to remit my punishment on the two next occasions in which I should deserve it.

But the occurrences of this early period of life must necessarily be uninteresting. I shall, therefore, only relate the occasion of my leaving a situation, which had, in spite of my inauspicious commencement, become very

agreeable to me. The Carnestolendas * approaching, we prepared for the procession usual among schoolboys on the occasion of that festival; and proceeded to the election of a leader, or, as he is termed, *The King of the Cocks*. A dozen of the tallest lads cast lots, and Fortune, who does not always regard the origin of her favourites, thought proper to confer that distinguished dignity upon me. It was necessary I should appear mounted in honour of my high office; and my father was called upon to furnish me with his nag, together with other splendid equipments. The much-longed-for day at length arrived, and I placed myself at the head of my subjects, astride a sorry broken-winded horse; who, more on account of his lameness than good-breeding, bent his knees to the ground at every step. The condition of the poor animal was, in truth, something inferior to that of Bucephalus when he bore a brother-hero to an equally momentous adventure. His rump, completely shorn of the tail, resembled that of an overgrown monkey; and his neck only differed from that of a dromedary in point of size and thickness. Only one eye could be observed in his face, and that was entirely bereft of vision. His principal excellence lay in his back, which was sunk so low as to describe, with the consequent prominent position of the shoulders and hinder parts, a good chart of the Straits of Gibraltar; and seemed purposely designed to save the expense of a saddle. Add to this, a degree of leanness which would have discredited the stable of Don Quixote, and you will have an accurate portrait of this worthy supporter of a crowned head. But who shall describe the pride of my heart when I looked back from my elevated situation upon my ragged followers! We paraded through

* The Carnestolendas are three carnival days kept before Shrovetide.

all the principal streets in triumph, and arrived at length at the vegetable market, where fate had decreed the termination of this ephemeral career of glory. My charger, who, considering his present advancement, had not always kept the best company, attracted by the refreshing scent, was tempted in an evil hour to lay his unhallowed jaws upon a pile of cabbages; and, in attempting to pilfer a mouthful, upset the whole into the kennel. A smaller provocation would have brought upon us the vengeance of the low wretches who guarded those precious fruits of the earth. A shower of cabbage-stalks, rotten turnips, mud-apples, and stale vegetables of all sorts, immediately rattled about the ears of the unfortunate king. As I perceived this to be a battle of turnips, I knew in an instant that it was not to be fought on horse-back; and I was preparing, like a good general, to dismount, when a terrible blow, which the poor beast received in his face, put him so much out of countenance, that, in attempting to rear upon his hind-legs, he entirely lost his equilibrium (if such a word might have been applied to him in any position), and we were both precipitated into a large hole; which was at other times kept sacred, as a general receptacle of filth, &c. for the use of the whole market. Such, alas! or something equally vile, is too often the end of the greatness of this world *! The sudden disappearance of their chief did not, as might have been expected by a reader of history, put my sturdy comrades to the rout. They armed themselves with stones, and a desperate battle ensued; the particulars of which, as I cannot boast of having been an eye-witness, I am incapable of recording. Suffice it to say, that it was only concluded by the intervention of a third

* The whole of this career of upstart greatness will apply happily to the Corsican.—EDITOR.

power; which appeared in the persons of the officers of the police, who took the herbmén as well as the boys into custody. With their assistance I was delivered from my perilous situation, whence I was dragged in a most miserable plight: but, although I was unjustly accused and execrated as the occasion and ringleader of the riot, such is the respect which is universally paid to rank, there appeared to be none who had the indecency to take charge of my person. All kept a due and respectful distance, holding their noses; and I walked home securely, disturbing the olfactory nerves of every one who was so unfortunate as to encounter me in the way.

The horse, a victim to evil habits, atoned for his crime with his life; and on the very day in which so favourable a change in his circumstances seemed to have taken place. Such is the instability of fortune! Nobody thought him worth taking out alive: he was drawn forth with a rope round his neck; so that it was doubtful in what way he was choked. My parents, who had a better opinion of him, accused me of being the cause of his death, which they deplored as much as if it had been my own; and indeed they made no secret of which of our two lives they would have preferred, could they have controlled the events of that fearful day. As soon as I was in a proper condition, I left them, disgusted with their unfeeling treatment, and returned to my friend Don Diego, whom I found with a broken head, which fell to his share in the conflict, and his parents resolved to withdraw him from the school. Moved by my situation and my attachment to their son, they took me into the house as one of the domestics, and placed me immediately about the person of my school-fellow. I was considered rather as his companion than his servant: and I was highly pleased at obtaining a situation which flattered my ambition; rendered me independent of my

family ; and enabled me to desert with honour from my late comrades, among whom, after my recent disaster, I had no inclination to appear.

S. B.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

MR. SAT.

I CAN no longer bear it, and I trust that the gall of your pen will in some measure relieve the bitterness of my situation. Never was man so ill used ; it is most intolerable, and not to be endured. Sir, my maids are — but I shall take patience, tell you my whole situation, and, I doubt not, you will see the hardship of my present state. Thus it is Mr. Sat.—I am a bachelor of some standing, and have more than once, in my youthful bachelorship, been touched with the tender passion, and have gone so far as to fix a day of marriage ; but, alas ! Sir, here my ill stars also found me, for, when I flew, like a true enamoured swain, on the wings of love, to the happy spot, I only found that my Dulcinea had eloped with a first love, as you term it, for Gretna. Who could have thought it ? fled from me ; and such a mild Cowslip as you never would have expected had the least design about her—all innocence and beauty, as I thought. Fool that I was, and a man of the town truly—to tell you the truth, Mr. Sat., I have thought less of myself ever since. Well, Sir, this is not all : being of a very amorous complexion, I again inlisted under the banners of a town beauty ; but, Sir, this was even worse than my first attempt at the married state ; she married mine uncle, an old East Indian of seventy-five. I saw the little jade

assisting the old gentleman into his carriage the other day, all muffled up in flannels—oh! the hussy; and so gentle, and attentive, truly! This so nettled me, Mr. Sat., that ever since I have remained a contented bachelor, as far as marriage goes; but, Sir, the sex will not let me rest: here am I, sitting in an obscure corner of a coffee-house, after being turned from my own mansion; and, that you may have a clear understanding of my situation, I shall give you a history of my three last maids—I will not venture to mention a fourth, as you may have many fair readers; but this I shall merely say, that my establishment was then greater—I had a footman, but both were dismissed; the parish-officers had something to say to them. Well, Sir, of my last three maids (for I have since given over the footman), the first was dirty and insolent, yet I bore it all with Christian patience, “for suffering is the badge of all our tribe;” but one day I happened to have company, and had got a waiter from a coffee-house to cut a swell, who, to the great astonishment of the party, came to tell me, which the varlet did before all my guests, that the cook would not get the dinner ready; she’d see me d——d first; let me wait upon myself, &c. This you may be sure was a matter of great mirth to the company, and a standing jest upon me: even the ladies would titter when I came into a room, and whisper—“Mr. L. and his maids.” Well, I passed it off the best way I could, and, after an uncomfortable dinner, unshipped Cookey. I remained for some days without a living animal in the house. I then got a good-looking girl from the country, recommended me by my cousin Sophy, and every thing went right for a week or two. My restless mind will not let me sleep of nights, and I kick about building castles in the air, that would require the age of Methusalem to execute—a soldier, a states-

man, a sailor, a citizen, a tiller of ground, by turns. In the midst of my contemplations, one night (as you see I smack of philosophy) I heard a whisper, and, as I conceived, a rustling noise: mustering all my courage, I huddled on my nightgown, and listened a few minutes, when I could easily distinguish a confused noise below me; I therefore, like a true-born hero, rushed down upon the thieves, hearing them, as I conceived, in the cellar. I hollowed out, "A light! a light!" Immediately my cook, in some confusion, asked what was the matter. "Thieves in the house—light—light!"—After blessing herself, she hoped not, G—d forbid, &c. &c. Then with some hesitation, she thrust through a small opening of the door a candle: dashing it open, I proceeded to ransack the cellar, when, to my inexpressible astonishment, I discovered a long, black figure, with a shirt that had been once white, but now of an opposite complexion, and sorely deficient in dimensions. A dirty woollen nightcap over his lank jaws. What a figure—what a group for Hogarth! This gentleman, with a true Tipperary accent, bid me "Good marning, Sir!" Being thunderstruck by his appearance and address; "I beg your pardon, Sir; will you explain to me the cause of this early visit? how have I the honour of seeing you at this unseasonable hour?" After hammering about for an excuse for some minutes, the rogue came out with the happiest efforts of ingenuity. "To tell you the truth, Sir, this young woman is my wife, Sir; and, being afraid of you, Sir, you see, Sir, she axed me to sleep with her to be sure, and I trust your honour is not angry, for you see Molly and I am like man and wife; although I should not come without your honour being axed, I hope that your honour will think no more about it like." To this rhetoric I only replied, that being man and wife, they must retire together, and get out of the

house quickly. This son of Ireland would have persuaded me it was an *unsasonable* hour, &c. but I was deaf to his eloquence—out they went. Thus ends the history of my second maid; but the third remains behind. Would you believe it, Mr. Sat., that I should be still further persecuted? Well! it is so, however. My new maid is a fashionable lady; dances and routs she gives at my expense. I understand, by the Coffee-house man here, that her assemblies are most splendid. Would you believe it? She told me, this morning, I must not come home before twelve at night, that she was going out to dinner (Sunday), and that I knew they could not sit down to cards till nine: she therefore could not stir before twelve at night; it would be breaking up the party. But I shall go instantly and turn her off. She was not at home at one this morning.

Coffee-House, Three o'Clock, Morning.

P.S. My head is confused; I have omitted the very purport of my writing to you. I would you would forbid, by your pen, all ladies from jeering and jesting upon my situation. I trust I shall then hear no more tittering about Mr. L. and his Maids, nor the young wit of advising me to marry Betty.

THOMAS WELLADAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.—Mr. Welladay's compliments to the Maids of England, and if any good-natured lady of eighteen would enter into the state called matrimony, by leaving a letter at the Satirist Office it will be instantly attended to. She must be young and handsome, and bring two good securities to keep her word when she gives me her promise. The advertiser is really serious, and hopes, therefore, he will not be troubled with the effusions of the Town Witlings.

P. S. 2d. As I am a man of fashion, it is not to be expected I can spell—therefore your man of letters must correct it before it is ushered into public notice.

THE HERO.

(*A Character.*)

Who can yon hero view, and not admire?
What father see, nor wish to be his sire?
What Irish brother on him fix his eyes,
And fail to praise his manhood to the skies?
What Irish husband cease his worth to sound,
Who always is so condescending found,
That ev'ry married woman, 'tis well known,
He treats as kindly as he would his own?

Now, mark him forward in the patriot band,
Active to wake rebellion in the land.
“Paddies,” he cries, “for rights no longer sue,
Rise up in arms, demand them as your due;
Rise up to rob, to ravage, and to kill,
And in the cause my blood I'll gladly spill:
Do you against the throne but urge your way,
I'll march the first, and head you to the fray.”
Mark his bold words, but think not that, indeed,
To acts of outrage he his friends would lead:
Oh, no! believe his ardour for the fight
Would “ooze away” at danger's palsyng sight;
And he as cool appear before his foes,
As seen when, last, one pull'd him by the nose.

He! with a title which the brave should grace,
 Who never sought his country's foes to face,
 Who never saw the wreath of glory won,
 Nor bar'd his sword, nor lit th' avenging gun,
 Nor bore the battle's brunt—but, wiser far,
 To others left the toil and risk of war;
 And, while in search of fame the rash would roam,
 With cautious courage sav'd himself at home.

But still a hero's title he may claim,
 As acts, surpass'd by few, adorn his name.
 By some 'tis sagely given as a rule,
 A scoundrel cannot also be a fool.
 This he refutes, and satisfies each dunce,
 A man may be both characters at once.

A statesman too—"All men I at their ease
 Would leave," he cries, "to worship as they please."
 Such sentiment what saucy wag shall chide,
 Or his devotional pursuits deride?
 Yet since he so much latitude allows,
 May one inquire which way he pays his vows?
 Is it by acting the most virtuous part
 Of striving to corrupt the female heart?
 Is this religious?—If it be, 'tis clear
The Hero nothing from his God can fear;
 For wheresoe'er a female meets his view,
 'Tis his to plan her virtue to subdue;
 And anxious all from chastity to loose,
 He'll nobly ravish where he can't seduce.
 Nor, seeking thus his passage to the skies,
 Feels he restrain'd by vulgar doubts or ties:
 Friendship or kindred bonds may some appal,
 These he despises, and o'erleaps them all;
 Cousin or sister are to him "fair game,"
 Mother and daughter are to him the same;

In ugliness alone she puts her trust,
Who braves his *worship*, and escapes his lust.

Oh, ye! who feel for sisters from you torn,
Your fierce abhorrence temper'd but by scorn;
Let what is stated here your wrath abate,
You cannot cease to scorn, but cease to hate.
Howe'er ye mourn the violated fair,
Let truth irradiate and relume despair;
Your sisters he has not disgrac'd alone,
For know, *the Hero* has debauch'd his own.

Cease then, impatient to await the knell,
Which tells he sinks from infamy to Hell!



MR. EDITOR,

THE several performers and performances upon the mimic stages of the metropolis are considered as affording fair matter for critical discussion and observation. Every new tragedy, comedy, farce, or pantomime—every new actor or actress, are subjected to the ordeal of the “sucking critics” of the public prints, who, as DRYDEN describes those of his time, “would fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come”—(*Preface to All for Love*). Nor has the activity of these persevering purveyors for the public amusement and instruction been confined to the theatres. They “dinna gang to the Playhouses alone, but to the Tabernacle, and the Preachings, and the Meeting-houses,” picking up information even in places of religious worship, and kindly communicating their observations upon the style, and manner, and delivery, and tenets, of the clergy of all denominations, to such unholy wights as do not avail themselves

of personal experience, by the regular observance of the Sabbath, and constant attendance upon divine service. Public meetings too of all sorts; dinners at the Crown and Anchor, the Free-Masons or the London Taverns; charitable and uncharitable congregations, loyal and disloyal assemblies, and, in fine, almost every variety of business into which they can thrust their noses and memorandum-books, are industriously visited with inquisitorial licence, and the whole laid before the tribunal of the nation, to be dissected and canvassed, twisted, turned, considered, and viewed, in every possible light and attitude. With all this assiduity, it appears to me a little extraordinary, that the exertions of the press, *quoad* the great political Theatre at St. St——n's, have heretofore been confined to a mere report of what is done, and, occasionally, a few remarks on the matter spoken; that they have never, as in the case of other exhibitions, been extended to a description of the person, the look, the action, the language, and the peculiar manner of the several principal performers. It seems strange that they should have been contented with the meagre sketch of what is said, instead of "holding, as it were, the mirror up to nature," and affording, for the information of those who have never had an opportunity of visiting this place of performance, a living picture of its chief ornaments, and a general outline of its form and character. To supply this hiatus is my object; and if you, Mr. Satirist, will admit me to your valued pages, I will continue, from month to month, to submit to you what will, at least, have the charm of novelty to recommend it to the attention of your readers, *videlicet*,

P—RL—NT—RY CRITICISMS.

No. 1.

Mr. P——BY.

In party work, and party men among,
One truth is clear—whatever is, is wrong!

Not PORZ.

IN my first number it is but civil and polite to yield the palm of precedence to the top actor on the O. P. side. Mr. P——by, having acquired some provincial celebrity on the Dublin boards, was, upon an emergency, brought over to this country, to undertake leading parts, in consequence of a dispute among the performers on this shore of the Channel, a number of whom advanced pretensions to the supreme management and direction of the stage, and, not being able to agree among themselves who should be elevated to the station of superiority, they came to the compromise which led to his engagement in this line. Yet, though acknowledged as the *Kemble* of the House, he has a great many competitors and rivals, and, as he plays but seldom, some of the actors of inferior consideration in the regular drama, but who are for ever before the public in one character or another (tragic, comic, farcical, or pantomimical, for, like Bottom, they are fit alike for all), seem in some degree to have usurped his place, and robbed him of the wonted consideration and regard paid to the rank of his predecessors. Mr. P. is rather of short stature, with a most un-enchanting face—it resembles, indeed, the physiognomy of a Dutch pug which has been a little disfigured in battle.

From his stout form, and this contour of countenance, it is evident, that he cannot be a very graceful (or what the ladies, if admitted to the gallery, would call a charming, or delightful) speaker—the reverse is the fact. He stands, with arms a-kimbo, *erectus tollere vultus*, and measures out his periods with great precision, and sometimes with considerable force. He does not employ much action, and the little he does use, when heated in argument, is same, unvarying, and far from pleasing. It consists chiefly in these two peculiarities—pitching a strong point at the termination of a period; and the manner of meeting either the silence, or the *hear! hear!* with which this effort is baulked or crowned. The pitching part is performed whenever he thinks he has any thing very forcible to say, and is executed by a jerk of the upper part of the body forward, most nearly resembling the motion of a man overcome by sudden sickness, and the consequent impulse of nature to relieve his agony, by what the learned call *actus vomitionis*. In the second part the distinguishing features are a very distressed look, and a pause in the event of silence, when he looks round for applause, which he always does; but if cheering follows, then the orator folds one arm over the other in a dangling posture, retires upon one leg, and stands as it were concentrated till the plaudits cease, and he again holds forth vivified in debate. In voice, as in argument, Mr. P. is clear and intelligible, without possessing harmonious modulation in the one, or adding the adornments of eloquence to the other. His opposition is generally fair and candid; and his reasoning always logical and distinct. He rarely permits himself to be hurried into the unworthy expedient of personality, or the adoption of the vulgar weapon of abuse. When he attempts raillery, he is most unfortunately heavy and dull—it is all

plumbago friskiness, and most weighty vivacity. His strong forte is sound sense and information—a plain, slow understanding, and the power of uttering, with facility and correctness, a regular and well-connected narrative of the ideas which, from hard studying and long and laborious consideration, have been formed within his mind. When he contents himself with this, he never fails to be intelligent, if not impressive; but when he attempts embellishment, irony, or wit, he is abortive, clumsy, and ridiculous. In quotation, he is peculiarly unhappy and unlucky—if prose, he misquotes—if poetry, he mangles—if English, he blunders—and if Latin, he butchers it. Neither does he introduce attempts of this kind successfully, and, instead of the quotation appearing to be naturally called in as an illustration of the speech, it generally seems that the speech has been framed for the purpose of the quotation. On his taste and ability in this way, he has been sarcastically complimented by another public speaker, who may be styled the great master at this weapon. Uniform plodding, rather above the middle class of men, who have been so educated and so engaged in life, is his characteristic, and here must his station be fixed; far removed from the pale of elevated talent, and the mounting fire of genius. More solid than brilliant—more argumentative than eloquent—more common-place than deep—more plain than refined—and more rational than ingenious, he toils and drudges through his speeches, placing obvious facts in good points of view, and stating observations, which betray no very great profundity of research, in language suited to their nature; strong, without being the most forcible; concise, without being the most powerful; clear, without being the most luminous; and neat, without being the most elegant. His address is certainly to the

judgment, not to the fancy; and if he fails in convincing the understanding, he has the merit of seldom endeavouring to appeal to the less sound tribunal of the passions, or to catch the fickle and unjust acquiescence of the imagination.

Such is Mr. P——, a man, who, in the difficult situation he is called on to fill, has acquitted himself with as little offence as could well be expected from its ungracious nature. In many instances he has displayed unusual candour, and in all has abstained from that headlong violence indulged in by some of his coadjutors. His sole task being to discover errors, and to find fault, for such is modern opposition (an occupation it will be allowed not of the most agreeable kind), he has discharged it in as becoming a manner as may be; and shown that it is possible to be watchful without being captious, and in opposition without being furious.

BLACK ROD.

(No. 2, in the next Satirist.)

THE FRENCH EXPOSE OF 1813;

OR,

BUONAPARTE LE BERGER.

THE French annual *Exposé*, which was pronounced on the 25th of February by the Count de Montolivet, minister of the interior, is, if possible, more remarkable, as it is certainly more important, for what it has omitted to no-

tice, than for the matters of which it has treated. Such a document is a novelty in the dynasty Napoleon; and, amid the convulsions of Europe, one can hardly help laughing to hear the man most nearly interested in the result of this momentous crisis, instead of directing their attention to the state of the world, telling his Legislative Body a long story about improvement in the breed of ponies, and superior attainments in the management of bell-wethers—as if he had nothing to say of his cavalry exterminated in Russia, and no news from Spain but what related to Merino rams!

In reading this *pastoral* production, we are apt to forget that the dogs of war are still let loose upon the earth, and to imagine that the piping time of peace, when the olive and the vine are cultivated in joyful security, has returned to bless mankind:—but, when transported from this visionary delusion to the contemplation of the horrors of the reality, it is a mighty consolation for us to know, that if military affairs are kept out of the picture, it is only because their aspect is so disastrous towards our enemy, as to afford good grounds for the hope that we shall speedily enjoy that tranquillity which he affects, and which will, indeed, permit us to turn our undivided attention to the formation of “sheep walks,” and all the humble, but delightful, occupations of rustic labour, cheerful industry, and agricultural pursuits.

But to return to Buonaparte, who has abandoned the *Æneid* for the *Bucolics*, and, instead of the *Arma Cano* and trumpet-sounds, has seized, with *trembling* hand, the soft-breathing lute, to sing *sub tegmine lauri*.

Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
Ludere, quæ vellem, calamo permisit agresti.

The heavens permit me of canals and dams
To chaunt, of stallions, and of Spanish rams:

Just as I list, to bubble the great nation,
'Bout cattle rais'd, and increas'd population !!

Nothing can look more ridiculous or unnatural, than the view of things presented to us by the new-modelled hero of Moscow ; but, as we cannot enjoy ourselves to the fullest extent, in a mere general contemplation of the scene, let us particularize a little—take one object for speculation, and consider the warlike wight, in his present attitude, as *Buonaparte le Berger* !

Behold the great Grazier, in his frock coat and hob-nailed shoes, superintending the culture of the soil and the amelioration of stock. Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, is but a type of him, the grand experimentalist in augmenting population, legislating for the matrimony of his men and the espousals of his mares, and enduring the reproach of Touchstone to Colin, in “As you like it,”—“to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match.”—“Our lands,” says he, “were never better cultivated, nor our manufactures more flourishing: our population increases;—our cultivators are better clothed and fed;—our artificial sheep-walks are multiplied;—fallowing discontinued;—inclosures less extensive;—cattle multiplying;—Spanish rams, and the best kind of stallions within the purchase of the lowest farmers, and vaccination most triumphant.”—Such are the *entire* contents of an *Exposé* of the state of the French empire in the year 1813!!! Just as if there were not a Cossack *

* These Cossacks, who seem almost ready to return the visit to Moscow by a ceremonious call upon Napoleon at the Thuilleries, were always remarkable for the celerity of their movements. In the war between Russia and Turkey, they crossed the *Boristhenes* with as much dispatch as they have now crossed the Vistula, and cut to pieces a number of their Turkish enemies. The following curious version of the newspaper account of that

in the world, or a squabble about dominion in existence upon the face of the universe. In his enumeration of stock it is curious to observe, that there is no mention made of neat cattle; neither the bull nor John Bull are even alluded to: and the nearest approach we have to the subject, is in the matter of vaccination. But the most singular *morceau* in all the document, is the following, which, as a specimen of the veracity and sound reasoning which distinguish the production, we extract, for the benefit of satire, and the amusement of our readers.

"And why (why indeed) should we not acknowledge to ourselves that even the conscription itself, which every year causes the chief of our youth to range themselves under its banners, has contributed to this increase (of population), by multiplying the number of marriages, in favouring them by for ever fixing the fate of young Frenchmen who have once obeyed the law?"

This is the post-office translation of the French newspaper, and bad enough these post-office translations are; but the exact meaning of the paragraph is,

"Why should we not assert, that even the conscription, which every year forces the chief of our youth to range themselves under the banners of a bloody tyrant, has contributed to the increase of population, by sending the flower and strength of the country to perish prematurely, by thousands and hundreds of thousands, in the cause of ruthless ambition, and for ever fixing the fate of young Frenchmen, who have once been dragged into the service of their destroyer?"

Yet while the glorious work of the deliverance of Europe is proceeding with a rapidity and success cheering

transaction, was given by an illiterate Lothian farmer, who, on his return home from Edinburgh, was asked what were the news?—"News! bad news, indeed!" said he, "the cursed Goshawks have crossed over to Borrowstonness, and killed all the Turkeys!!!"

to every honest and loyal heart ; while Buonaparte is compelled to babble about purling streams and verdant meads, instead of war and battle ; while, like a person afflicted with calenture, he raves of green fields in the midst of storms and tempests, what is the conduct of our *Patriots* in England ? We will record it to his disgrace, that Samuel Whitbread, as a British senator, did, in his place in the Commons House of Parliament, severely and bitterly censure the Government for not agreeing to *almost any terms* our enemy should propose, for the purpose of releasing to him 60,000 French prisoners now in this country!!! What shall we say for the head or the heart of an Englishman, pretending to the love of country, who at such a moment shall think it right to pester his Government, to condemn and censure it, for not giving up to the enemy, in the hour of his need, that very aid which he wants, to enable him to make another formidable stand for the enslavement of the world. Sixty thousand men, many of them the best-disciplined soldiers and most able seamen that bear the French name, would, indeed, be an acceptable sacrifice, at this moment, on the altar of Buonaparte's ambition ; and none but a friend to that tyrant, or a political driveller, could have proposed to offer it up. We know that the cant of feeling for our gallant countrymen in the prisons of France may be whined out in defence of this mischievous manœuvre. There is not a breast but laments their situation, not a hand that would not gladly be stretched out to relieve or liberate them ; but let us not be deceived by such short-sighted philanthropy, such mockery of real sympathy, such affectation of sensibility ; let us not imagine, that, under the cloak of immediate relief to a few hundreds, we are doing right, when we at the same time forge more galling chains for thousands. What is Buonaparte's utmost deficiency at this

moment? Sailors to man his fleets, and, still more, officers to discipline and direct his raw levies. And yet these (says Mr. Whitbread) you ought to give him upon any terms. His power totters to its fall—for God's-sake! hasten forward these props to support it. The detested Bourbons, full of hopes, are issuing proclamations to shake his throne—for Heaven's sake! let him speedily have these men to uphold it. The whole Continent is rising in arms against his tyranny and oppression—do, for the love of mercy! all you can to save this sinking wretch. Britain is famed for its exertions in the cause oftumbling dynasties; will you stain your character by not stepping forth, now, as the champion of the heart-broken and discomfited race of Buonaparte?

Our Administration are much to blame. Would that they were guided by thee, illustrious Brewer! But since it will not be so, and all thy political exertions come to nought, be counselled, oh, SAMUEL! (*not the prophet*) take thy illustrious patron of Bedford with thee, and unite thyself with thine idols in boorish labours. Buonaparte, Bedford, and Whitbread, will make a fine farming firm; and, in an honest way, be innocuous, if not useful, to mankind.



THE INDEPENDENT WHIG.



FOR THE SATIRIST.

As you recorded in your last publication the crime and punishment of the conductors of the Examiner Sunday

Newspaper, will you permit me to occupy one or two of your pages with a similar record relating to the Editor of the Independent Whig, another, though a more insignificant, of these *Sabbath* scribes, whose sole occupation is to convert the * blessing of that day into a curse, and fill the period set apart for mankind's rest with efforts to scatter abroad the seeds of turbulence and discord. HENRY WHITE, the younger, in spirit worthy to rank with the Cobbetts and Hunts of the time, though far inferior to the former in ability, and to the latter in cunning, was, on the 4th inst. tried and convicted of a "false, scandalous, malicious, and calumnious libel," contained in several Numbers of his publication, in the months of August and September last, "against the Duke of Cumberland, of and concerning the Duke, and also of and concerning one Joseph Sellis."

Of the libel, or rather of the thousand libels on the same subject, which this "*ingenuous young man*" (for so his counsel, Mr. Scarlett, in imitation of Mr. Brougham in the case of Hunt, chose to describe him) has propagated, I believe there is but one opinion in the mind of every person who has had the misfortune to meet with them—namely, that of all the vile and infamous publications which have of late years defiled and degraded the press, of all the base and unfounded inventions that have ever been devised, it ranks among the most weak and most atrocious. It consisted in a systematic and villanous attempt to induce a belief that the Duke of Cumberland (himself the victim almost to death) was in fact the destroyer of his servant and assassin, Sellis. So baseless and

* "And the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it." What is it with these miscreants?

diabolical an endeavour to stigmatize a man's name was perhaps never before conceived, as none was ever promulgated with greater industry, or supported by more wicked and abominable falsehoods in the shape of hints and inuendos. It may, Sir, be giving more weight than they deserve to the idle and rascally lies of these depraved wretches, to enter into any thing like a refutation of them—it may even be deemed by you, that this Caitiff, of true Independent Whig origin and principles, is an unworthy subject on whom to inflict the heavy vengeance of the Satirist; but if you consider that, however futile and absurd such insinuations are, there are still minds weak enough to be affected by them, and that their traiterous inventors have means of propagating them, and a brotherhood of liars and ruffians like themselves to give them countenance, I trust you will not refuse to insert the following simple and conclusive declaration on the point referred to, made by a gentleman of the most unblemished honour and unquestionable integrity. By so doing, you will advance the cause of common justice, defeat conspiracy, and oblige

A LOYALIST.

“Much pains having been taken to involve in mystery the murder of Sellis, the late servant of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, I feel it a public duty, to record the circumstances respecting it, that came within my own observation, which I could not do while the propagators of such reports were before a public tribunal.

“I visited the Duke of Cumberland upon his being wounded, and found my way from the great hall to his apartment, by the traces of blood which were left on the passages and staircase. I found him on the bed, still bleeding, his shirt deluged with blood, and the coloured drapery above the pillow sprinkled with blood from a wounded artery, which puts on an appearance that

cannot be mistaken by those who have seen it. This could not have happened, had not the head been lying upon the pillow when it was wounded. The night ribbon which was wadded, the cap, scalp, and skull, were obliquely divided, so that the pulsations of the arteries of the brain were distinguished. While dressing this, and the other wounds, report was brought that Sellis was wounded, if not murdered.—His Royal Highness desired me to go to him, as I had declared his Royal Highness out of immediate danger.—A second report came that Sellis was dead. I went to his apartment, found the body lying on his side on the bed, without his coat and neckcloth; the throat cut so effectually, that he could not have survived above a minute or two; the length and direction of the wound were such, as left no doubt of its being given by his own hand. Any struggle would have made it irregular. He had not even changed his position: his hands lay as they do in a person who has fainted; they had no marks of violence upon them: his coat hung upon a chair, out of the reach of blood from the bed; the sleeve, from the shoulder to the wrist, was sprinkled with blood, quite dry, evidently from a wounded artery; and from such kind of sprinkling, the arm of the assassin of the Duke of Cumberland could not escape.

“In returning to the Duke, I found the doors of all the state apartments had marks of bloody fingers on them. The Duke of Cumberland, after being wounded, could not have gone any where, but to the outer doors and back again, since the traces of blood were confined to the passages from the one to the other.

“EVERARD HOME.”

“*Sackville Street, March 12th, 1813.*”

The Editor of the *Satirist* certainly would not have considered any notice of the unprincipled but madlike attempt, reprobated in the foregoing letter, to be necessary—it was so utterly ridiculous, that its absurdity was an

antidote to its poison, and its folly defeated its malignity. But, since the matter has been thus brought before him by a correspondent, he does not feel warranted in refusing the communication a place in his publication.

He has heard that Henry White was much dissatisfied with the defence set up for him on his trial; and the Editor agrees with him that it was a very miserable and poor shift. For his benefit, and for the benefit of his corps, the Satirist begs leave to point out the following line of defence, as the best calculated to procure acquittal in all similar cases. Let the pleader prove (which he may readily do in the publication which contains the libel, and in any of, or in all, their other publications, if the judge will permit them to be referred to)—let him prove that the writers are the warmest admirers, the staunchest friends, and the dearest lovers of Napoleon Buonaparte. Having established this fact, let him show that the said Buonaparte is a notorious murderer and villain, which circumstance will also admit of easy proof. Then let him join these two propositions together, and from them deduce this plain and incontrovertible conclusion, that though, in a person of another way of thinking, the endeavour to paint a prince as a murderer and villain might be black and malicious, yet that, in a person of this way of thinking, it was only done with the design of elevating him, by due praise, to the rank and elevation of the man on earth such person most admired, esteemed, and venerated. Had this course, for instance, been pursued in the case of the Independent Whig, it is clear that no jury could have returned a verdict against that paper, which would then have become as much regarded in Britain as it is in France, when the information, and “false, scandalous, malicious, and calumnious libels” which adorn its columns, are transplanted

into the *Moniteur*, in which they sometimes appear as extracts from "*La Peruque * Independante*."



VILLANOUS PUBLICATIONS BY LITERARY VERMIN.

—————Nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is broke out:

No! Mr. Satirist, these are neither the works of madmen nor of poets, but of cool, plodding, calculating, black-hearted scoundrels, who endeavour to take advantage of the depraved taste of the times to vend their poisonous nostrums. Where, Sir, sleep the society for the suppression of vice? where, Sir, is closed the lynx eye of the police? where, Sir, have you deposited the lash of the Satirist? that vice and villany should thus stalk abroad

* This is a fact: and, however curious the error of the French editor may be in mistaking a *Whig* for a *Wig*, it is not more so than many felicities of the same sort which occur almost daily in the London papers. Not to mention a late ridiculous blunder in the *Times*, which dispatched Napoleon by the dagger of a *Biscayan* (instead of a *piece of ordnance* of that name, which the report meant), and offered many *shrewd* remarks on the justice of Heaven, in permitting a Spaniard to execute its divine will upon the tyrant who had afflicted his country; it is not many days since Buonaparte was, *by translation*, made to say, that by "*La Mancha* (a province in Spain) nature had done every thing for Britain—nothing for France."—This strange assertion, of course, puzzled many readers. Upon looking into the original document, it appears, that instead of "*La Mancha*," Buonaparte alluded to "*the Channel—le Manche!!*"—"Oh, profound ignorance of human nature!" as Gen. Matthew exclaimed in one of his brilliant orations, and in imitation of Mr. Canning!!!

with unblushing effrontery, and beard us, unscathed, unpunished, and unmolested.

There are, I confess, among the offences which have raised my choler, some, beyond your medication—they cannot be touched without producing an evil greater than that which the application would cure, and they require a remedy that should be administered with less publicity than the notice of a literary journal.—I trust, Sir, that this hint will be sufficient both to the society I have named, and to the police, to exert themselves so that there may be removed from our sight the infamous placards which degrade and pollute this metropolis; which disgrace a Christian country; which almost render the people ignominious among whom they appear; and, that we may not be insulted and debased by viewing, upon every wall and board, the disgusting advertisements of pages upon a subject, the bare mention of which is shocking to the ear of decency. But, painful as it is to denounce this horrid depravity, *distinctly*, I will, in the firm hope that good will result from it, tell that society, whose avowed object is the conservation of public morals, and that body to whose care the police of London is entrusted, that our national character has, for months, been lowered and trampled on by the annunciation of pamphlets under the most abominable titles, pretending to afford particular descriptions of crimes at which nature shudders, and orgies too vile for even demons to participate. The wretches who deal in these abominations ought to be brought to condign punishment; and I send you information of the place where their pamphlets are exposed and sold, that you, if you judge fit, may transfer it to those whose legal and bounden duty it is to interfere and save us from this monstrous reproach.

So much for this matter. But there are an inferior set

of reptiles, upon whose guilty backs your cat-'o-nine tails would be well bestowed, and that, too, laid on with a strong and unsparing arm. I am fond of reading, and of course look to the lists published of new works. Will you take from me the abstract of a column from a newspaper of the 17th, as a shameful example of the kind of productions which at this time inundate and disgrace the press? This column contains fourteen advertisements of books, as "published on that day." They are as follow:

1st. Sixpenny, or rather catchpenny, numbers of the *Delicate Investigation*, in order to disseminate more perfectly the knowledge of that painful subject among the lower orders.

2d. "The Genuine Book." Same subject.

3d. "The Book." At a cheaper rate, by another publisher.

4th. "The Book." Another of the same.

5th. "The Book discovered," by that R——l, John Agg.

6th. "A Novel"—of what stamp I know not.

7th. "The R——l Mystery."

8th. "R——l Quarrels."

9th. "The R——l Lover."

10th. "The R——l Brood."

11th. "Suppressed Evidence."

Which last five are each and all of them base, senseless, false, scandalous, and malicious attempts to bring contempt on every thing and person which good citizens and honest men would wish to venerate.

12th. "The Scripture Atlas." (God knows how it was thrust among such company.)

13th. A monthly publication, which, under the pretence of scourging, ministers to vice; and

14th. "L'Intriguante," of which the name sufficeth.

And are these of the description of writing which is congenial to the taste and temper of 1813? Heaven for-

bid that a libel so gross should be permitted to be pronounced upon the learning, the wisdom, and the virtue of the age in which we live! If they are allowed as an infliction upon us, I bow with submission, and confess, that, like the locusts and vermin of Egypt, they are indeed a heavy visitation upon us, and a grievous punishment for our sins.

But I am afraid you will think this account a caricature of the folly and infamy of the modern press. Look, Sir, to the Morning Chronicle of the 17th, and convince yourself that I am no exaggerator, but

A BRITON, WITH BRITISH FEELINGS.



All the Mimes;

OR,

TOUCHES ON THEATRICALS

On and off the Stage.

A POEM,

By J. J. SCALIGER, Esq.

A. B. C. D. E. F. &c. &c. &c. X. Y. Z.

"*Μῆνιν ἄσπερ Θεῶν.*"

ILIAD.

PREFACE.

THE author of this Poem has nothing to fear from criticism. This looks presumptuous—for what is beyond the scourge of criticism in those acute days in which we have

the advantage of living? But he has guarded against it by an artifice, which, though the most effectual of all, is likely to find the fewest imitators. Whether, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well," may be told by those who have made the same experiment; but it is certain that he sleeps. Neither "foreign levy, nor domestic treason," nor the stings of reviewing, nor the final horror of meeting his pages employed in the conveyancing of cheese and confectionary, can agonize him now. "Duncan is in his grave!" Yet, from some of his casual opinions, I am inclined to think that, even if he were still walking upright six feet high among us, instead of being stretched horizontally six feet under ground, he would have laughed like an Indian at all the inflictions of a warfare, in which the only triumph of the torturers was to be found in the skill and keenness of their tortures. I believe that he would neither have deprecated nor despised what they might inflict, but quietly yielded to events as they came; neither for their praise nor censure have smiled nor sighed, hung his head more dejectedly, sallied forth in his best suit "*digito monstrari prætereuntium*," or locked himself up in his attic, as he did at last, and died a moment sooner. Of his ability, as a Satirist, those pages can give but an inadequate specimen. But he has left some remnants behind him, on which he would have probably relied for his fame. It was among his conceptions, that the finest order of poetry was the satiric; that all the power and richness of verse might then find their proper union with all the vigour and manliness, all the honourable feelings and noble aims, of a great mind.

Delighting in the elegance of the lesser poetry, he questioned its use; and was only to be satisfied by the application of the instrument to life, to strong moral

truths, to the laying bare of bold offences, to the bringing down from their height the crimes of that superior class of society to which poetry had only been known as a flatterer, but whose crimes were more fatal as they were more glaring, more surrounded and shielded by the splendour of station, and descending with deeper impulse upon the people. He might have loved to look upon the lightning playing fantastically among the clouds, and still beauty of a summer's eve. But his spirit would have more loved to see it bursting out from the storm and the darkness, striking straight downwards with an impetuous, irresistible, undelaying sweep, and coming, like a flaming minister, from the immediate hand of Providence, to execute judgment among men.

The present work may be considered as a mere fragment. The names of the theatrical performers are obviously taken at hazard, and even to the omission of others more distinguished and interesting to the public. Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, the Memory of Cooke, Braham, the new excellence of that first of cathedral singers, Sprag, Bannister, Miss Smith, Elliston, with a multitude of others of various talents, have been left for future commemoration. The papers of the author wander largely among them, and they will probably be yet presented to the public eye.

THE EDITOR.

Bath, 1813.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

APOSTROPHE to Butler. Picture of past Ages. The Pillar of the Church. Hints from Chemistry, Agriculture, &c. The Miracles of Fire. An Old Maid's Paradise. The pure Resuscitation of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Passing Panegyrics on some unequalled Performers.

PART I.

Not all the force that makes ye proud,
Though arm'd with all your cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall save or help ye to evade
The sword of justice, or my blade;
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil crime, and military.

HUDIBRAS.

Of old, when gentle knights did rouse
Their mettle to turn valorous,
Not having to the bottom try'd
The toughness of their proper hide,
Their skill and memory refreshing,
They learn'd how others gave a thrashing.
So, BUTLER, let thy fearless line
Model the bashfulness of mine.

'Twas said, Heav'n knows how long ago,
When men and maids were but so so;
When bards their easy laurels shed
Round many a scoundrel's sapless head;
When herds of lays and roundelays,
O'erran the land for pence and praise;
When courtiers laugh'd and lied; when peers
Were noted for their length of ears;
When every gift that nature gave
Made B * * * * * but a smoother slave;
When for "the Country" all were loud,
And all betray'd her if they could;

* Lawyers and scribes the sceptre dandling;
Princes the Douay Bible handling.

† When *Things*, whose pamper'd crimes defied
Slander to give them one beside;

* *Lawyers and Scribes.*—"Ουαι υμιν γραμματεῖς καὶ φαρισαῖοι, ὑποκριταί—(Matthew.) The generation does not seem to have been in much "odour" at any time of the world. With us they are not even hypocrites.

† *When Things whose pamper'd crimes.*—Can it be necessary to say in whose broad, bloated, fly-blown face I am looking, straight up, as I write this? Or with what wonder religious men, or with what disdain honourable ones, see this new champion casing himself in orthodoxy? But I pass this Thing. There are more of them, and the time may come when they shall receive a plainer commemoration. I revere the church establishment of England; I solemnly think it the wisest and most consistent with the habits of the people and the welfare of religion, that we can ever have a chance of seeing among us. But even this my reverence for the cause, would make me turn away with resolute scorn from such defenders—wretches whose whole life has been spent in a mire of corruption, wallowing in a stagnant, thick, stupid, sottishness; and, at last, when they have insulted and infected to the utmost, turning, as by miracle, pillars of the church, like the old tyrants starting up "Defenders of the Faith;" the last stage of vice running into noisome activity; the "*morbus pedicularis* of the mind; the cold tumor quickening into disgusting animation. Yet this is the old course. The "Call of the Church" has been the pretext, and the defence of many a profligate before now. "*Iglesia me clama*" is the proverbial cry of the Spanish murderer, when he flies to the altar with justice at his heels. There is no imaginable reason why so clever a contrivance should be abandoned to the sole behoof of Spanish assassins.

Practis'd and proud to keep and cozen
Strumpets and tradesmen by the dozen;
Vice impotent, at last, to squeeze
A drop of spirit from their lees;
Struck on a heap with pious cravings,
Turn'd up their eyes, began their heavings;
"Ensueing good, eschewing evil;"

(Repentance can whitewash the devil):

Driven by decay from love to duty;
Forswore the feet of younger beauty;
And, proof so long to book or birch,
Sprung up to tilt for Mother Church.

Thus herrings, that a half-nos'd Dutch,
Or Greenland Squaw, would scorn to touch,
Rotting at heart, amaze the sight
With prodigies of inward light,
Float on the pool where sounder sink,
And st—k and shine, and shine and st—k.

Thus the rare fruit, too rare to name,
Perennial source of Hodnbro's * fame;
By cunning men in crucibles
(† So DAVY's bridegroom present tells),

* *Hodnbro's*.—By the "Suthrons" slanderously corrupted into "Edinborough."

† *So Davy's bridegroom present*.—Sir Humphrey; for he, as well as sundry other meritorious and right chivalric shoemakers, victual-
lers, tourists, and mad-house keepers, from Sir Stephen Claudius
HUNTER, attorney at law, down to the *terræ filiism* of Sir
John Carr, has been knighted, aye, actually basked in the
royal smile, and heard his name announced through the ranks
of liveried sneerers at C— House. Sir H. Davy, in a disin-
terested passion for a showy jointure annexed to a blue-stock-
ing West Indian, set sturdily about the amalgamation, and wrote
a book to propitiate his fair one. Necessity scorns all laws but

Cunningly cook'd, the slow digestion
 No more looks like the thing in question,
 Gives up its primitive odoric,
 And gleams and fumes, a true phosphoric.

* Thus the gross Sot, whose lofty birth
 Curs'd him the lumb'rer of the earth,

its own. He knew nothing but chemistry, and in chemistry he courted "*ex necessitate*." The savage must make love with scalps. Still he makes love; and, in his preface, Sir H. acknowledges, with overflowing gratitude, the condescending beauty which soothed him in the furnace and the laboratory, before his *Venus* at length sunk into the arms of her *Vulcan*!!

"Di qual sol nacque 'l alma luce altera

-Di que begli occhi, ond i' ho guerra, e pace,

Che mi cuocono 'l cor in ghiaccio e'n foco."

PETRARCA.

The pencil could not find a happier subject for caricature, than this cloying courtship. The professor, alternating between the lady and the crucible, oscillating from the dry perplexities of the chemist to the awkward admiration of the lover, flinging tender glances through the fumes of vitriolic acid and assafoetida, and sublimating from the union of fætors to the union of souls. But, seriously, are such to be the fruits of our public lectures; and is this all that is to come of teaching our females "all the ologies?"

* Thus the gross Sot.—Lords and Marquises A. B. C—E—S, &c. &c. &c. all or any of them; perishable commodities, mere *olla podridas* of men. But, as my Lord P—mf—t's memory is not likely to be much worn out by the use of posterity, it is worth while to niche him in a little characteristic anecdote while we have him. Let those who possess the gift for such things, attempt to describe the horrors of the Bath quidnuncs when they see the "*moles gigantea*" of this noble personage shadowing the door of Bull's library; the consternation when he moves forward, sweeping the whole tribe of Journals

Gasping for medals, stars, and strings,
 Delight of women, and of kings,
 First at the levee and the feast,
 A heavy, soft, half-human beast,
 By —— or palsy driven from life,
 Gives practice to some surgeon's knife ;
 Then on the suburb dunghill thrown,
 E'en its base sketch of manhood gone ;
 Poisoning the parish round a while,
 It adds its virtues to the pile ;
 And richer, as the more impure,
 Does its grand duty as manure.

Nay, all this may have happ'd, you know,
 In Rome, two thousand years ago.

before him ; or the recovered spirits, when they find that he can only stuff half a dozen under his breech, and doze over half a dozen more in his hand. But the scene heightens, when some novice, with a son or a brother in the Peninsula, with sneaking step, and hungry half-whispering voice, begs for a glimpse of the last Gazette ; nothing, in contrast, can be finer than the roused dignity of the peer, and the pale surprise of the petitioner, as he hears thundered out—" Do you know, Sir, who I am, Sir ? Sir, I am Lord P—mf—t ! ! " Here is, at least, the spirit of true nobility, wherever else it may be extinguished. Here is the accomplishment of *Johnson's* definition. Here is a man, who, in the humblest transaction of life, never forgets that he is a Lord ! This distinguished person is also an amateur of the most solid and unremitting order. What an incomparable model for one of the early listeners of Orpheus !

" With bended hame and cloudie browe,
 Onne rushed the bellowinge bufaloe.
 Bute at the sounde he turned welle pleased,
 Ande thoe he coulde not speake, he gazed."

I leave the quotation to be disputed between *Wordsworth*, and the residuary legatee of *Harrie Withers*.

'Twas then, some bardlings, mighty wise,
 Great getters up of rhyme and lies,
 In many an ode and epode bitter,
 Pindaric and Pentameter,
 Infernal arts devis'd to pickle
 The yelling youngster's soft cuticle,
 That often rous'd my flesh and blood
 To d—n them, could that do them good,
 Taught me that fire had wond'rous pow'r,
 Old clothes and consciences to scour.
 Filth to all other things unyielding,
 To potent fire must give the field in.
 * That even an old maid's favourite room,
 In all its undisturb'd perfume,
 Duly sent up from padded mats,
 Libation rich of breeding cats.
 But——Let me stand and take a look,
 Before I venture in the nook.——

Through the dim pane the struggling ray
 Scarce lets a dubious kind of day,
 But just enough to show the bed
 In antique filth and finery spread:
 Here, the old Bible's unclasp'd load,
 There, close at hand, the snug commode;
 Here, the last batch of Gospel bards—
 In front: Behind, alas!—The cards!

* *That even an old maid's.*—MILTON must have been dreaming of this seat of secluded happiness, when he pictur'd Eve's retreat—

———“In shadier bower,
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
 Nor Faneus haunted.”

Stretch'd at the fire, a swollen pug,
Lord of the undisputed rug;
Poll groaning through his gloom above;
Below, Canaries twitt'ring love.
Slow as the sickly sun-beams fall
Along the dun flock-paper'd wall,
Frowns through the dust of many a year,
The portrait of the grandsire peer;
Some clod that just was born and died—
But full enough for woman's pride.

* "Tall by the head," above a range
Of charms, for beauty on the change;
Carmine, cathartic, julep, dye,
"Where more is meant than meets the eye;"
China's grim gods, and "Gorgons dire,"
Nod o'er the half-extinguish'd fire.

Last, loveliest! shaded by the screen,
With landscapes every thing but green,
Soft-spreading from her heirloom chair,
† Warms her pure limbs, the stately fair.

E'en here let fire once take its swing,
'Twill soon be quite another thing;
And London's sapient cits, they say,
Know all its worth on quarter-day ‡.

* "Tall by the head."—A Homeric attribute of gods and heroes.

† Warms her pure limbs.—"Better marry than burn," says the Apostle. "Better burn than marry," says the lady!

‡ "Quarter-day."—An acute friend of mine, wise from watching the signs of the times, regularly changed his lodgings a few days before that fearful advent; and, on being questioned as to the cause of his migration, gave the sufficient reason, that, after having been robbed for his own rent, he felt no eagerness to be burned for the rent of others. However, "*Ende gut*,

Yet all its virtue pour'd in vain,
 * On thy huge pest-house, Drury Lane;
 And full as grievously its labour
 Was wasted on thy harden'd neighbour!
 Scorch'd to the earth again they rise
 For more notorious villaniës.

Like their own harlots, just recover'd,
 Toothless, unfeatur'd, and unlover'd,
 With thicker rouge, and blacker patch,
 Toiling the 'prentice eye to catch,

alles gut," the German philosophy is right, all ends well. The house is converted from a crazy ruin into a showy habitation; the rent is wiped away; the mason is employed; and, on what do the Insurers live but on the frequency of fires?

* *Drury Lane*.—A reception house of great extent and magnificence, with halls, vestibules, and show-rooms, for the exhibition of as much industrious beauty as can crowd into it. I had almost forgotten to mention, that, in an inner apartment of the edifice, stage-plays, and other similar performances, are going on during the time of the exhibition, for the occasional refreshment of those who may require such variety. An unlucky parsimony, however, thwarted the greatness of the original conception. It was intended to complete the suite with a tavern containing apartments for supper and other festivities. Drury Lane might then have to boast of a superiority over the most celebrated *Lupanaria* of Europe; but the plan was miserably curtailed, and nothing can be more wretched than the substitution afforded in the pot-houses which begird it,

" Like a swart Indian with his belt of beads."

The merit of Covent Garden is only inferior, as it is less adapted for the display of so much undisguised and candid loveliness. The intention, however, seems not less ardent, and of course the panegyric should be the same.

And, all their earlier beauty o'er,
Ten times as naked as before.

* There dulness, helpless dulness, rages,
In saints and cits, and chiefs and sages.
With creamy face and leaden eye,
BETTY calumniates tragedy;
HOLLAND, at endless war with grace,
Laughs at the public to its face.
On the late stage, ill-omen'd flung,
"Tatters the passions," sullen YOUNG.
There Atlas BARRYMORE, sublime,
Bears the whole world of Pantomime;
Insidid Oxb'rry shakes his fins,
Soft Phillips trills, and Liston grins;
And, all their flummery in one,
Smirks thy blank visage, ELLISTON!

(Part II. in our next.)

* *There dulness.*—Betty, Holland, Barrymore, Bluebeard Barrymore! &c. &c. &c. What could have whispered in the ear of such persons, that they were fit for the stage, that their proportions had any imaginable thing to do with heroes or gentlemen, or that any six or seven stragglers taken out of the streets might not beat them through the whole circuit of tragedy, comedy, farce, historical, heroical, operatical, down to a melo-drame of M. G. Lewis, Esq. I have not yet room to talk of them all, nor of the multitude that, like VIRGIL'S ghosts, are shivering, "*inhumata corpora in ripa*," without a sentence or a name, and looking out for their passage to immortality.

◆

In p. 256, of this article, for *Sprag*, read *Spray*.

**MRS. MARY ANNE CLARKE'S ATTACK UPON
THE RIGHT HON. WM. FITZGERALD.**

HAVING advertised the public, through the medium of the newspapers, of the circumstances attendant upon the publication of a gross attack upon the character of the Right Hon. William Fitzgerald, by Mrs. Clarke, of notorious celebrity, and absolved the SATIRIST from being at all implicated in a transaction so abhorrent to every principle upon which it is conducted (though, by false representations, the person employed by the Editor as the publisher of that work was induced to allow his name to be put upon the title-page), we take this opportunity of restating the facts of the case, as narrated to us by our Publisher, in order to set ourselves right with that portion of society for which our respect is so high and unfeigned. It appears, as solemnly averred to us by him, that a person, in whom he reposed confidence, applied to him to publish a pamphlet; and that his answer to this application was, "that he had no objection, provided the work was not hostile to Government, or libellous in its tendency." From this person he received an assurance, that it was of no such character as he mentioned; but, on the contrary, perfectly loyal and correct. Relying on this, he agreed to the proposition made to him, and the next day the work was sent in for sale. On perceiving, however, a Printer's name upon it different from what he had reason to expect, he became alarmed and suspicious that he had been imposed upon. He went to the person from whom the publication emanated, and, from him again not only

received the most solemn assurances that there was nothing improper in the production, but was further quieted with an indemnification, in writing, under the hand of the author, Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke. It follows.

“ *March 15, 1813.*

“ I indemnify you, by this acknowledgment, Mr. Williams, from all prosecution, by being the publisher of a Letter, written by me to William Fitzgerald, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, &c.

(Signed this day)

“ *MARY ANNE CLARKE.*”

Addressed to Mr. Williams.

Under the shield of these pledges of good faith and security, and having no time to peruse and acquaint himself with the nature of the pamphlet, he was prevailed upon to continue its sale for several days, till a knowledge of the fact having, by accident, been acquired by the present Proprietor and Editor of the *Satirist*, he instantly gave orders that every copy of a work so infamous should be hurried out of his office. It is but justice to state, that a strong rebuke was also conveyed to the offending person by the late Proprietor of the *Satirist*, through whose recommendation he had been continued in his situation, when that publication passed into new hands.

This is an accurate statement of the case, as communicated to us by the party most nearly concerned in it—who also adds, that when aware of the fraud which had been practised upon his credulity, and of the heinous nature of the error into which he had been so unwittingly and basely betrayed, he hastened to make every reparation in his power, and advised the booksellers of the metropolis, generally, of the scandalous and dangerous quality of the book, so that they might be on their guard against giving it publicity.

So much for the vexatious circumstances of the dishonesty on the one part, and the imprudence and folly on the other, which occasioned a pamphlet of Mrs. Clarke's to appear in the world with the name of the Publisher of the Satirist, and the address of the Satirist Office upon its front!!—It is not necessary for us to state to those who read our pages, that we were ignorant of this infamous business till too late to save ourselves from the partial discredit and disgrace of having such a work laid upon our shelves: nor is it necessary for us to state, that, on the instant we heard of the fact, we hastened to our office, and put a period to the scandalous traffic which was there carrying on.—With respect to this pamphlet itself, we shall offer few remarks. What the mind of Mary Anne Clarke, and the pen of some literary tool attached to her, could produce, it is barely needful to say must, in all probability, be as base as untrue, as calumnious as replete with villany. That the present production is of that description we have no doubt: but, as the person so malignantly accused has appealed to the strong arm of the law, to protect his name and character, we are sure it would be indecorous on our parts to anticipate the result. To the protection of those laws we with pleasure consign him, expressing a fervent hope, that, by the prosecution of the offenders, he will add another example of punishment on those whose infamous attempts are directed to the ruin of reputations in all persons elevated above themselves by rank or office.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE FILTHY INVESTIGATION being now completely under the eye of the public; the privacy of Royalty having been made to furnish forth endless topics for pot-house discussion and vulgar ribaldry; the actions of princes, and of persons of the most exalted rank, having been assailed and dragged before the tribunal of every order of the people—it would ill become us to be silent upon these subjects, though they cannot be alluded to without regret, nor contemplated without pain. But in calling the attention of our countrymen to them, though we shall be plain, we will consult decency, and, though we shall express our opinions freely, we will not wantonly wound the feelings of others. On such an occasion as this, it behoves every public writer to state manfully and openly what he thinks of every part of transactions in which the peace, honour, and happiness of the nation are so deeply involved; but, while he neither palters nor disguises, nor fritters away his sense in all the obliquity of guarded expression, or affectation of refined reasons for not speaking the truth, it is a duty which he, and which every man, owes to the social compact of which he is a member, to abstain as much as possible from observations injurious to the fame and character of the parties, upon whose actions he is compelled to deliver a judgment.

The Press has, in every form and shape, from the slender newspaper to the dense volume; from the piratical pamphlet to the authentic-vouched octavo; teemed with the history and details which have led to the present unseemly state of things, and to those exposures, upon the

discussion of which the public mind has been so much engaged. It is, therefore, happily, altogether unnecessary for us to enter into the particulars of so degrading and disgraceful a narrative: but we are left at liberty to follow the bent of our own inclination, and confine our strictures to general facts and observations. The source and origin of the disclosures at this time are to be found in the Letter from the Princess of Wales to her husband, inserted in the Morning Chronicle newspaper, and animadverted upon in the last number of the Satirist. That letter, the publication of which we have every day further cause to lament, naturally called for reply; and the consequent collision of opinions produced the full elucidation of every circumstance connected with the case which we have now before us, not only as applicable to the new matter brought forward, but also to the investigation of 1807.— Without entering into arguments to support some of our assertions, we will venture to take them as indisputable and granted by the good sense of the country. We will therefore assume, that the allegations contained in this letter (the prolific source of all we have since suffered), form no justifiable ground for agitating a question which had for years slept in quietness, and calling into play all those passions which have disturbed the public tranquillity; while the facts upon which they are founded are alike injurious to the well-being of all the high parties concerned. The Princess of Wales deceives herself, or is deceived by others, if she imagines that she has obtained any triumph in this contest! Does her character stand any higher than it did before? Shrugs and insinuations answer this question; and we will say, that even were every tittle of the charges against her false and calumnious, yet, such is the constitution of human nature, that she would come out of this struggle depreciated and debased. But

it is not the truth that this illustrious person has escaped obloquy throughout—suspicion and censure attach to her conduct in every mind, however humane and lenient; and it is impossible for any individual of sound understanding, the most inclined to favour this lady, not to be driven rather to seek for palliation than for perfect justification of her conduct.

In this course we are ready to go to the utmost extent with her warmest friends, and, when called on to pronounce judgment on the *LEVITIES* of this high person (for levities are proved by others whose testimony is unimpeached, and *acknowledged* by herself in the first letter to His Majesty), we set before our eyes this picture of extenuation—A youthful Princess is, after living twelve-months with her husband and the birth of a daughter, separated, not only from connubial intercourse and domestic enjoyment, but estranged in a great measure from all the female branches of the family, into the bosom of which she, a stranger and a foreigner, has been transplanted. She is left undirected to choose her society from persons of a rank of life inferior to her own—almost to chance for such association and companionship as it may be in the power of an individual so situated to procure. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that some of the parties with whom she might form an intimacy should be of a description unsuitable to her station, and dangerous to her comfort. But if so—who is most responsible for the offence?—the Princess, thus thrown unfriended and unadvised upon the wide world—or those, whose bounden duty it was, under every variation of situation and every relation of life, to have pointed out the course of safety, if they did not extend the shield of protection. A woman thus placed, is an object of uncommon sympathy, even had she by previous misconduct

brought the difficulty upon herself, and by subsequent impropriety confirmed herself in error. But we have no opportunity of knowing (nor does it become us to inquire into) the original cause of separation between the Prince and Princess of Wales—their tempers or habits did not assimilate, and the nation has to lament that a sense of public duty had not sufficient strength to surmount the force of private feelings, in so far as to induce the high parties to acquiesce in an arrangement less injurious to the nation's weal than an open rupture and separation.—From whatever cause arising, we find this unfortunate lady consigned to a life of comparative humility and seclusion—left entirely to the guidance of her own discretion—and deprived of the counsels of her natural advisers—the direction of those on whom alone she could with propriety rely. The connexions she forms, the pleasures she pursues, the occupations in which she engages after this period, are, through the instrumentality of a person whom she has offended, wrought into the substance of a charge against her—a charge which goes to the extent of affecting her life, and of which the smallest particle is sufficient to blast her reputation. Against such a charge we do sincerely believe no human creature could stand secure and untouched. Purity itself could not escape censure under an inquisition so severe; trial by burning ploughshares is justice, and favour itself, when compared with this—with the accusations of faithless servants, and more faithless friends!

All *her* faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into *her* teeth—

No innocence on earth could stand the test of such investigation; for there is no action so free from blame that it

may not be perverted into something like impropriety—no life so pure, that by falsehood and misrepresentation it may not be made to appear criminal. How then could the Princess of Wales avoid the snare, and come out from the fire brighter than she entered it? Her whole character, disposition, temper, and manners, exposed her to the machinations of her enemies—for her character is not of that equable kind which furnishes no food for malicious construction—her disposition is not of that reserved cast which never opens its possessor to dangerous confidence—her temper is not of that cool calculating prudential sort which never betrays its owner into error—her manners are not of that circumspect and precise description which never afford a ground for the conveyance of false impressions; impressions which may either cover perfect innocence, or cloak consummate hypocrisy. On the contrary, this lady has to struggle against all the defects of a foreign education, and of foreign habits which may seem strange to an English eye—her temperament is of a complexion to expose her to every species of misrepresentation and misconstruction; at times elevated by a flow of spirits which plunges into gaiety without restraint, forgets the Princess, and supplies abundant food for detraction to the observant mind of malice—unguarded and prone to act on the impulse of the moment, without considering whether it became her rank and station (rank and station, however, be it remembered in her favour, from the enjoyments generally attached to which she was excluded), the Princess of Wales appears to us in many instances to have demeaned herself in a manner unbecoming of both. Under her peculiar circumstances, had she been a woman of truly great mind, how admirably might she, by pursuing a line of conduct the opposite of that which she has pursued; how gloriously for herself might she have aveng-

ed her own cause; humbled those whose opinion of her led to the situation of comparative neglect in which she was placed; and set at defiance all the machinations of future enemies and detractors. Had she, in her retirement, conscious of rectitude and high in native dignity of soul, acted throughout with that noble propriety which springs from innate greatness, with what brilliancy would she have emerged from the storm of adversity, when its temporary clouds rolled away before the sun of perfect innocence, rendered a thousand times more glorious from having for a period been obscured—how proud must her station then have been, free from the scandal of reproach, and by the entire blamelessness of her life and manners, demanding a comparison, through the medium of which she must have shone one of the brightest stars that ever adorned the sphere of British royalty! But, unhappily for herself and for us, she adopted a less elevated course, and, by indiscreet relaxations from what in this country is deemed strictly proper, furnished a theme for slander, and a tale of disgrace for curiosity. It is idle and vain to say that she is perfectly spotless and free from censure—and quite as erroneous to assert, that every word the Douglasses have uttered is infamous and false. There is no truth in these extremes upon either side, and the medium between them is the only right path. That her Royal Highness has been guilty of many levities (innocent we doubt not), which were to be regretted in any person of her rank, and more especially in her, when the situation in which she stood was considered, we think will admit of no dispute; while, on the other hand, it is impossible to read the depositions of Lady Douglas, and not be convinced, that, though there may be much of falsehood in them, dictated by resentment and revengé, they yet possess, also, a considerable portion of truth. Indeed, in the defence of the Prin-

cess, these indiscretions are, in part, acknowledged and extenuated by circumstantial argument. We find, then, that, instead of forcing adversity to throw a splendour round her cause, this lady, from a want of caution and prudence, furnished at least colour of accusation against herself. Having offended one of her lightly (too lightly) chosen friends, she is accused; and the Investigation of 1807 is instituted. Of the legality or illegality of this tribunal we shall say nothing—we are more anxious to elicit the merits of the case. But this anxiety does not appear to have guided the judgment of the four noble Commissioners. We are loth to impute blame to them, because they have suffered a most unjust persecution from the accusations of others—from the rancorous malignity of a man, who spares neither friends nor foes in his career of tilting against whatever is high in rank, or dignified by office. But, after the most careful perusal of the documents of the examinations before them, we confess that, in our opinion, they neither sifted the charges to the extent they were bound to investigate them, nor did they do justice to the accused. With the most unbounded confidence in their integrity, uprightness, and justice, the extent of our blame is, that their judgments were satisfied upon data which do not carry conclusive conviction to our minds. In a matter of such vast importance as this, we conceive that no person, however remotely implicated in the most minute of the transactions alluded to, ought to have escaped the closest examination: but, instead of this, it would be easy to record the names of fifty witnesses so nearly concerned in the most material of these transactions, that it puzzles the imagination to guess the reason why they were not called and interrogated. We may add to this, that in our opinion even the witnesses who were called, were not examined sufficiently. But, having convinced their own understand-

ings, and come to a determination on the subject (a determination, of which the huddling desire of secrecy has, in our idea, greatly impaired the authority), the greatest oversight of all with which they are chargeable, appears to have been committed by these Commissioners: we mean, their recommendation of the reprehension of his Daughter's conduct to the King, without having heard what Her Royal Highness had to urge in her own defence. When we consider the severity of this punishment to a person in Her Royal Highness's exalted station, and under Her Royal Highness's peculiar circumstances, we are lost in amazement that these noble Lords could have so far lost sight of justice, as to cause it to be inflicted. Condemnation, unheard, is hateful to British feelings: and even were it granted that this was a mere family affair, which it was not, for Royalty is public property, still it would be rank oppression in one branch of a family towards another, to deal such hard measure out as was on this occasion dealt out to the Princess of Wales.

The next prominent *fact* in this matter is, the recommendation of the Cabinet that Her Royal Highness should be received at court; the extent of which appears to be this: that Her Royal Highness having been accused of high treason, and the succession of the Crown brought into question, it was absolutely necessary, by this public step, to show the country that the former charge was unfounded, and the latter question absurd. But it by no means follows, that this advice given to the Sovereign by his servants, entirely absolved the Princess from all blame, and exculpated her from all error, to which extremity it has been attempted to be carried by her injudicious friends and advocates. The interference of the Prince of Wales, which prevented for a time this advice taking effect, has been censured by many. To us it seems that there is no

argument upon the case—it rests entirely upon feeling and opinion. If a husband and a father, and especially a husband and a father in such relation to the throne as the Prince of Wales, felt that his wife, having been accused of adultery, and other offences, was not sufficiently acquitted of these charges by the tribunal which had investigated them, it was his bounden duty to be most fully satisfied on every point, before he acquiesced in a proceeding which would be final upon the occasion: neither can Enmity itself impute any bad motive to His Royal Highness, whose conduct, from first to last, in this unfortunate business, appears to have been wise, consistent, dignified, and blameless.

Fatigued as the public must be with this discussion, we shall as briefly as possible throw together the few further remarks that occur to us, on various parts of this ROYAL MISFORTUNE. The letter of licence, as it has been called, meets with our most decided condemnation, because it bears a construction favourable to the utmost laxity of moral obligation, and was highly unfit to be laid before the public. Not that we believe it to have been the intention of that letter to warrant the indulgence of vice; but it can readily be so understood, and Princes ought to be careful how they sanction, by their names, even the shadow of crime by the semblance of approval. With respect to the child AUSTIN, after maturely weighing every part of the evidence concerning him, our opinion is, that the Princess of Wales was guilty of much indiscretion in the way and manner of his adoption and treatment. The act itself might be *charitable*, but the mode of doing it savoured of *other principles* very distant from those of *charity*; for charity would be satisfied with a child of three months old, without wishing it “to be younger,” unless the desire of *piquing* in another quarter mixed up with the nobler feeling. We have no doubt, in our mind, that the

reception and usage of this boy originated as much in a desire to have an effect at Carlton House as at Brownlow-street! We forbear saying more; for, if we proceeded, our strictures might appear to be harsh, though we fear not that we could show them to be just.

On only one other point shall we further intrude our sentiments—it is, the important circumstance of the restrictions placed upon the intercourse between the Princess of Wales and her Daughter. Of these restrictions we most cordially approve; and, if the father of that Princess were to depart from their enforcement, he would hold in our estimation a rank to which we should be sorry to reduce the supreme authority of the state. Not to mention who may visit, or who may be visited by, the Princess of Wales *now*, for we will not invidiously drag political and moral profligacy into light, it is sufficient to say, that Her Royal Highness has not been so choice in her associates, as to render it safe for the young Princess to hold unlimited intercourse with her. Do her advocates revile this opinion? Let them read their answer in their own descriptions of the vileness and depravity of the Douglasses—the more black and base they paint them, the more strong do they make our argument; for they were once the intimates of Montague House; and there is no new guard imposed, which renders similar associations impossible or unlikely with the Princess of Wales.

Having now, we trust, touched upon the chief points embraced by this painful subject, without going into minutiae to weary our readers, or detailing narrative so much before them in other shapes, we most joyfully take our leave of the detested task which we could not avoid. A dreadful disposition exists in a part of this country to depreciate character, to degrade all that is estimable, to lower all that is high, and to bring into contempt all that good men and good subjects wish to hold in veneration.

We lament to say, that in the whole of this matter there is but too much to favour their views, and feed their base appetites. But we hope and believe the solid sense of this enlightened people will prevail against the evil effects which might otherways ensue; and that, satiated and disgusted with what has been disclosed, much of the desire will be lost for the gratification of that dangerous passion which lives upon scandal, slander, and defamation. The age is past when kings were reckoned demigods; and men, in our day, are attached to Royalty upon sounder principles. We know that the great are beings like ourselves, with the frailties common to our nature; but while we cease to adore, let us abstain from the wicked propensity of endeavouring to debase that which, for the common weal, ought to be respected and held sacred.

We sincerely pray, that where this matter is, there it may be permitted to rest. The unfortunate foundation of it is in the dissimilarity and dissonance of disposition between the Prince and Princess of Wales—a curse in the married state to which Princes are rendered liable from being shut from that previous intercourse which paves the way to domestic felicity in lower ranks of life. That their mutual repugnance to each other is so great, that they cannot be brought to sacrifice private feeling on the altar of public benefit, is a source of regret and pain to every one who wishes well to either. We grieve to add, that it is an evil for which we see no remedy.

BRITISH ARTS AND ARTISTS.

No. 3.

IN our last we delivered our opinion upon the general merits of the exhibition of pictures in the British Gallery,

Pall Mall; we now proceed to a more detailed notice of a few of the most prominent and successful of these paintings.

No. 116. *The Death of Eli.* *E. Bird.* The work to which has been awarded the highest premium of 300 guineas.—We shall never quarrel with excessive liberality on the part of the directors of an establishment for the encouragement of the national arts, because it is better to be too generous than to be too parsimonious on such occasions; otherwise we should say, that this picture does not appear to us to deserve its honours. The catalogue informs us, that the subject is the death of Eli, and in this respect the catalogue conveys more intelligence than the canvas! No man can look on the picture, and say what it is intended to represent. An immense crowd of figures confuse, but do not tell the story. The principal action, indeed, is around a messenger who holds a sword; and as for the high-priest, his catastrophe is thrust into a nook, and he falls and breaks his neck unobserved, save by two men and a boy. It is a composition of episodes without a main plot.—How far the artist had forgotten the Cartoon of Paul's preaching at Athens, may be understood from his having resorted to an entirely opposite system. *Here*, the further removed the figures are from the principal, the more they are agitated and affected—*there*, the grand mastery consists in the gradual melting away of the passions as the persons recede from the inspired orator. The whole piece appears to be made up of touches or sketches—the artist afraid to enrich or finish, lest he should spoil his work. Many of the dramatis personæ are copies from himself, and especially from his Chevy Chase, of all the demerits of which, in point of colouring, this new prize-picture affords an example, without possessing its interest or effect. We abstain from particularizing, as we

could not in justice offer in that way any remarks which could remove the general unfavourable impression of the whole.

No. 52. *The Raising of Jarius's Daughter.* *J. J. Halls*, the successful candidate for the 2d premium of 200 guineas.—If we have spoken in terms of dispraise of the preceding picture, what shall we say of this, or of the judgment which awarded it the palm? We do confess our absolute astonishment at this determination, unless, indeed, the premium was to be given not to the best but to the largest painting of the season. If we were asked what part of this work we could commend, we should feel ourselves incompetent to point out a single good quality. It is an immense sheet of canvas filled with gigantic figures; a Christ like a butcher in dignity; and the draperies, oh Angelo! graceful and flowing in natural folds, like those which constitute the costume of the giants in the city, or the wooden cherubs who have so long supported the roof of Westminster Hall, in spite of the wrangling, litigation, and iniquity below, which seems enough to have brought it down every day for the last century. We shall not waste criticism upon this load of lumber.

No. 1. *Elijah restoring to Life the Widow's Son.* *R. Westall*; and purchased by the British Institution for 100 guineas—as much to their credit and honour as the painting is creditable and honourable to Mr. Westall. The nature and unaffected simplicity displayed in the child is beyond praise. We scarcely ever saw a finer piece of painting. The attitude is admirable: the expression of the countenance, that of innocence in death; the disposition of every limb calm and delightful; while the lax muscles, the half tone of the colouring, and the perfect quiet which reigns over the body, alone inform us

that it is mortality we witness, and not sleep. The figure of the prophet is good, but, in our opinion, rather too theatrical to assimilate perfectly with the part we have commended so sincerely, though far below its deserts.

No. 68. Perseus and Andromeda. *Mrs. Ansley.*—Had we been the arbitrators, this picture should have won a premium, and gallantry to the fair sex would have had nothing to do in influencing the decision. It is an extremely clever and spirited production; of which it would not be going much too far to say, that it is the best in the exhibition. The conception is excellent, and the execution bold and felicitous. The figure of Andromeda is, perhaps, more *fleshy* than is consistent with perfect grace, and one of the knees is certainly out of drawing; but the management of the light and shadow upon her form is worthy of the most unqualified praise:—the reflection of the light is particularly admirable. The horse and his rider, as well as the parts of the monster which are visible, are drawn *con spirito*; and the general effect of the whole composition is highly striking and excellent.

No. 134. The Deluge towards its Close. *J. Shaw.*—Though injured by a few puerilities, and the work of an artist with whose name we were unacquainted, this painting attracted our attention at first sight. That it is the performance of a man of genius, one glance is sufficient to demonstrate; and we are free to say, that it is long since we have seen any production from a young artist, which gave us so high an opinion of powers of imagination and originality of conception as this attempt at representing some of the features of that tremendous event—the Deluge. The elemental portion of the picture is truly sublime; and were the painter to dash out his vile serpents and obnoxious creatures in the fore-

ground, he would have erected a monument to his fame as an artist, which even his riper labours can scarcely surpass.

No. 99. *The Gravel-Pits.* *J. Linnell.*—This is another of the eyes of the exhibition—a most lovely and exquisitely finished landscape. One could hardly conceive that so sterile a subject could have afforded ground for so much excellence. Every part is in unison, and the gradation of colouring in the sky and landscape is preserved in the finest harmony. The better properties of De Loutherbourg are exemplified in the gravel-pits, without violating the natural appearance of the subject, and the aerial tinting would do honour to the most classic pencil.

No. 73. *The Dancing-Master.* *M. W. Sharp.*—A production of a very different class, but of very similar merit. It boasts all that high finish and splendour for which the inanimate parts of this artist's works are remarkable. But the chief excellence lies in the living scene. The grave affectation and contorted grace of the dancing-master are finely contrasted with the natural ease and inartificial elegance of his sweet pupil; while the humour of the piece is heightened by the children in the back ground pulling the string by which the supple limbs of a wooden puppet are made to vibrate in the best style of the modern posture-master.

No. 55. *The Bagpiper.* *D. Wilkie.*—A characteristic gem by this admirable artist, and worthy of his name. We never meet with a head from his pallet but we think we have seen the original; so true are they to nature, and so exact in the observance of those general principles which bestow reality upon the labours of fancy, and confer actual existence upon the fruits of imagination.

(To be continued.)

THE MOON.



(To be continued Monthly.)

LETTER from BILLY AUSTIN, to FOLLY the BREWER.

Blackheath, March 25th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,

ALTHOUGH I hear you are a very speaking man in Parliament; always anxious to take the lead, and carry your train over difficulties and dangers, just like myself when I get our boys to play at "follow my leader," and gallop them over hedges, and through ditches, and such fun, till they are so torn and dirty you can't think—yes, Sir, though you are so great a man, yet, as your origin, like mine, was also a little queer and obscure, I hope you will not be angry with me for writing you this letter, merely to beg that you will not plead the cause of the good Princess, who has brought me up. For I am told you do her much harm by it; for that, though you are the best and readiest accuser in the world, you are the very worst defender that any person can have. I am sure the good Princess never did you any harm; and I wish you would let her alone, instead of going on as you do, trying to make bad worse, and *havoeking* about, till you

make all her friends, and all your friends, her enemies. But they say you are never easy unless you are charging and abusing great people, whom you can't abide, on account of their being born noblemen, and such like; whereas, if they had been born in low life, like the children of brewers, or Deptford-dock labourers, or Corsican attorneys, or so, and risen to be great people, that then you could fancy and like them. Now, dear Sir, as I am one of those whom you may like, pray do oblige me: the Princess has been always good and kind to me, though she is noble born; and therefore, out of love for me, though you cannot help hating her, do, pray, never speak another word in her favour: for I lead the boys clear over or through the hedges, but you bring every body into scrapes. You have brought Mrs. Lisle into a scrape, and she has been kind to me; you have brought a great many lords into a scrape, whom I don't know; and you have brought yourself into a scrape, whom I don't care about. For they say, that all your friends *shy* you now; for they are never sure, while you are smiling in their face, but you may be whetting a knife to cut their throats; or, what is worse, preparing a charge to stab their reputations. Oh, Sir! you are a dangerous man—do, pray, have nothing to do with our affairs; and, for Heaven's sake! do not take the side of the dear good Princess. If you must be meddling, do become her enemy, and then you may serve her, and oblige

Your humble Servant,

WM. AUSTIN.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

THE able political writings of this paper have long been proverbially excellent. There is no subject but

from it the Editor can extract matter of condemnation against Government, and, like an industrious bee, he ranges from weed to weed, extracting honey for his party from them all. It grieves us, therefore, to state, that, during the last month, he has destroyed the greatest part of his past labours within the year. He has given an account of the affairs of Sicily, which contradicts all his former assertions and arguments relative to the mismanagement of that island, which, so far from having been ill, it now appears, has been most excellent. He has stated good reasons why Lord Cathcart remained for some time at Petersbro', though he had previously soiled many columns of his paper to prove that it arose from the mistrust and insincerity of the Emperor Alexander; he has put to flight all the phantoms (various and numerous as they were) which he had conjured up to show that Prussia and Sweden would not co-operate against Buonaparte; and, in fine, he has disproved every political argument he had advanced for the last six months!

BRISTOL HUNT.

WHILE this demagogue was in London, on the business of his election petition, he sojourned at the Black Eagle, an obscure public-house in Water Lane. Here he was wont to collect an audience of coal-heavers, glass-blowers, and other persons of the same stamp, about him, and rehearse to them the speeches he had made, or intended to make, to the Committee of the House of Commons. Improved by this splendid practice, it seems he has since his defeat been pursuing a similar course at Bristol, &c. endeavouring to incite his wretched and ignorant hearers to violence and tumult. Such a man ought to be guarded

against—he has furnished abundant matter for fifty criminal prosecutions, and is dangerous to society.

TURN-COAT COBBETT.

ON the 25th of July, 1802, M. Otto, Buonaparte's minister in London, addressed to Lord Hawkesbury, minister for foreign affairs, an official note, to demand the prosecution and punishment of Buonaparte's *libellers*, Peltier and Cobbett, whose writings were qualified as *perfidious and heinous*!!!—See official correspondence.

The British Government prosecuted Peltier, but not Cobbett; who, after the renewal of hostilities in 1803, strongly recommended, in his *Political Register*, the recognition of Louis XVIII. as King of France, by England. Nay, Cobbett reprinted and published, *with a French translation*, the celebrated pamphlet, *Killing no Murder*; strenuously urging *the expediency* of applying the same to the *Corsican upstart, rebel, traitor, deserter, thief, usurper, robber, assassin, impostor, liar, atheist, musulman, ruffian, villain, rascal, scoundrel, miscreant, &c. &c. &c.*

Read Cobbett now, and——*Risum teneatis!*

THE ABLE ALLY.

SINCE Mr. Whitbread has become so distinguished for the cool, considerate wisdom, propriety, and justice of his public conduct, the opposition say, that the whole business of their leader, Mr. Ponsonby, in the House of Commons, is to keep the party clear of being involved in his politics, or implicated by his speeches, instead of, as heretofore, maintaining a watchful eye upon the

administration. There seems to be much truth in this; for we had observed, that almost all Mr. P.'s late speeches in Parliament have not been in hostility to ministers, but to disown the doctrines of this Able Ally.

*A DIALOGUE between the Right H——ble the —— of
—— and Henry ——.*

SAYS Thomas to Harry, I wish I may die,
If any man's fonder of flowers than I.

Quoth Harry to Thomas, I ne'er could suppose,
That a man, Sir, like you, could be *led by the nose*.

*On the recent INTERFERENCE of the POLICE with LORD
MONTFORT and COL. DELAP.*

FROM fighting, Montfort and Delap
By Runners were prevented;
Each sadly mourns the dire mishap,
And both seem discontented.
The nation grieves law made such pother,
For, well 'tis understood,
These heroes, fighting with each other,
Had battled for *the country's good*.

*On the BOW STREET OFFICERS interfering with the
DUELLING OFFICERS, on a late "PREVENTED"
Rencontre.*

WHAT with officer seekers and officer shunners,
This fight prov'd no fight, from the number of runners.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

*The GENUINE EDITION OF THE BOOK. Jones,
Newgate Street. Price 18s.*

The BOOK. Edwards, Crane Court. Price 21s.

The BOOK. Hay, Newcastle Street. Price 6s.

It is by no means our intention to enter into a review of these works, which will no doubt be followed by many others of the same kind. They are all intrinsically the same, and only materially differ in the names of the publishers and in the price. The two first-mentioned printers have joined issue in a squabble about the genuineness of their editions—Mr. Edwards suggesting that Mr. Jones had his copy purloined from his printing-house; while Mr. Jones retorts that he obtained his copy honourably, and that, if Mr. Edwards had preserved any copy, it must be by perjury, since he was bound to surrender them all upon oath in 1807.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And ablest casuists doubt?

But, while these two gentlemen are *bedevilling* each other, and wrangling which shall make the best market of public curiosity, by selling a middling-sized octavo volume at 18s. or a guinea, in steps Mr. Hay, to make hay while the sun shines, and he sells you the same matter at 6s. Thus, as Liston says in *Tom Thumb*, "While two dogs in the street quarrel about a bone, a third dog slyly steals off with the object of their contention." The original text is more elegant, but we have forgotten it.

This book also contains the parliamentary debates on the subject, and some curious particulars respecting the present situation of Billy Austin and his parents. We could have wished the writer had extended his inquiries to others of the *dramatis personæ*: the condition of the principal witnesses *now* would afford considerable matter for public opinion. We have heard that of two of the male witnesses, whose testimony chiefly inculpated Her Royal Highness, one is in the King's Bench prison, the other in a very low estate, as the landlord of a public-house at Greenwich. If this be true, which we believe it is, the circumstance ought in justice to quash every uncandid suspicion that these persons were supported by higher authority. Had they been the tools of power, they would not have gone without the reward of their services.

With respect to these volumes, we leave the choice among them entirely to the taste and pockets of our readers; simply stating, that they are all pretty much alike—neatly and correctly printed—and abstinent from opinions to warp the judgment of the public.

MR. CANNING'S *Speeches at Liverpool, &c.* This pamphlet has, we rejoice to see, gone through a *Third Edition*.

MR. ROSCOE'S *Review of these Speeches.*

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

(*Continued from our Number for February, p. 177.*)

THE extracts, which we began from the *Liverpool Courier* in the *Satirist* for February, have been carried to a conclusion in three numbers of that excellent newspaper since published, in a manner so satisfactory and congenial with our own sentiments, that, as the *Essays of a Provincial Journal* are not disseminated in those quarters where our work is most read, we offer no apology for adopting this able article as our own, and, with the few alterations and additions that occur to us, presenting it to the public as well meriting their attention.

We are ready to admit that Mr. R. is not indisposed to a candidate's making the most open declaration of his sentiments; on the contrary, the propriety of doing so forms a part of his political creed. We suppose him to belong to that class of politicians who would turn the representative into the delegate; bind him with instructions, oblige him, every now and then, to stand at the bar of his masters, to undergo a formal trial; destroy his free agency as a man, and emasculate him as a senator. Why then does Mr. Roscoe blame Mr. Canning? We will endeavour in a few words to fill up the chasms which

break the continuity of thought in the passages we have cited. He is offended, not because Mr. C. was frank, but because he was frank on the wrong side: not because there was "*a declaration of sentiments*," but because those sentiments were adverse to the opinions of Mr. Roscoe's party: because Mr. Canning did not stoop to prejudice and passion, join in the hue and cry against Government, preach up indefinite reforms, inveigh against nameless corruptions, and round his periods with a canting sentimentalism, and an affected philanthropy. If there is any meaning in the passages we have referred to, it is that Mr. Canning was to blame for speaking his *own* sentiments, and then where is Mr. Roscoe's candour? If there is no meaning in them, where is Mr. Roscoe's wit?

But Mr. Canning offered to his auditors "*authoritative assertions instead of convincing arguments*." This is another charge, for "*the open declaration of his sentiments*" is one; declaring them without offering "*convincing arguments*" in their support is another; and this is not a distinction of ours, but of Mr. Roscoe's. Mr. Canning, we allow, did not enter into an extended argument on any of the numerous points on which he made so "*open a declaration of his sentiments*." The state of the poll, however, sufficiently shows that the arguments he did use, were convincing enough to his friends, and, had they been more extended, there is little hope that they would have convinced his enemies. But the idea of finding a string of dependant syllogisms in an election address is ridiculous; and it is scarcely consistent with the courtesy that one gentleman owes to another, to sit down and write a review of extemporaneous productions; and to bring the effusions of the hustings to as strict and unlimited a scrutiny in the closet, as though the speaker had subsequently written down his own speeches, weighed every

word, and given to them the precision of a formal treatise. Such productions are rather to be considered as a declaration of opinions on which the party is supposed to have formed, in some degree, its judgment, and which have been reasoned upon at large in other places, and in another manner; and, in judging of them, the arguments which have been educed by the speaker himself on more formal occasions, or by the party espousing the same principles, are in justice to be considered. Otherwise, easy enough is the task, to take an address of this kind, and say the question is not discussed; here are many assertions, but few arguments, and the ignorant may possibly gape at the sagacity of the man who has made so wonderful a discovery. Of this principle Mr. Roscoe himself has been more sensible than observant, as we shall have occasion to show in the sequel. He confesses in his opening paragraph, "*that during the heat of an election much may be overlooked and much excused,*" and that "*the leading opinions*" only of a candidate are the fair subjects of examination. But this apparent candour vanishes as he proceeds. Mr. Roscoe reviews by more rigid canons of criticism, and many a phrase and monosyllable is tortured with unrelenting severity, to extort a confession of guilty meaning; and which had never been guilty, but for the pains of the rack, and the ingenuity of the inquisitor.—We do not however intend the general observation on the claims of election addresses to criticism of the most candid kind, to be considered as necessary to prop up Mr. Canning's addresses against the attack of Mr. Roscoe. As for them, we hope to show, to the satisfaction of every candid reader, that even the *extemporaneous effusions* of Rodney-street have been assailed in vain by the *studied efforts* of Mr. Roscoe, though matured in the shades and leisure of Allerton.

We wish, for the sake of Mr. Roscoe's reputation for candour and benignity of disposition, that we could pass over the paragraph in the 7th page of his Review, in which there is a charge, partly expressed and partly insinuated, against Mr. Canning, which, having no natural connexion with any question at issue between him and his opponents, carries with it a gratuitous illiberality, and, what we should not have expected from Mr. Roscoe, a feeling of political malignity, as unjustifiable in charity, as it is unsupported by fact. The charge is, that Mr. Canning did not adopt the "*decisive tone*" to which Mr. R. adverts early in the election, that it was not till the parties became heated in the contest that he began to enforce his sentiments, and that "*it may, perhaps, without any breach of charity, be presumed that he thought it necessary to be apprized of the sentiments of those who had undertaken to support him before he disclosed his own.*" The inferences to be drawn from this very ungentlemanly insinuation are, that had Mr. Canning foreseen any prejudice to his election likely to arise from the free disclosure of his sentiments, he would have been wholly silent on political subjects; that he practised a refined finesse upon the electors by suffering them to "*heat*", their feelings in his cause before he made known his opinions; and that, had it not been for the accidental circumstance of a strongly contested election, he would have kept them wholly in the dark as to his views on public affairs, and have deceived and tricked them. If Mr. Canning had emerged from the obscurity of private life to the notice of the town of Liverpool, this insinuation would even then have been sufficiently repelled by the evident frankness which marked his character during the contest; but, as circumstances stand, the charge is as ungrounded as it is unhandsome. Mr. Canning's principles

were *known*, and *well known*, before he was invited, and there is not an opinion expressed in his addresses which he was not understood previously to hold. Was there even a child in Liverpool who knew not that Mr. Canning was a supporter of the Orders in Council? an opposer of Parliamentary Reform? and an advocate for the strenuous carrying on of the War? the three points in which he most differed from Mr. R. and the unsuccessful candidates. To speak of his suppressing his sentiments until his party was sufficiently heated to tolerate them is, therefore, worse than folly. So far from his principles being unknown, he was invited to Liverpool *because of his principles*. So far from his seeking to hide them, he speaks of them in his answer to the invitation as of such notoriety, that by them and by his public conduct *alone* he was known to those who had invited him. These papers were immediately printed, so that they were read, and Mr. C.'s *principles* brought before the bar of the public before he had an opportunity of addressing the electors personally. In his written address published upon his arrival in town he expressly points the freemen to his public life, as the standard by which he wished to be judged; and in his address before the opening of the poll, he again founds his claims to support upon his *known* political principles and public conduct united. That Mr. Canning *could not* design to keep his sentiments out of sight is plain from the gross absurdity which would have attended the attempt; that he *did not* is equally evident from his appealing to his principles as well known, before the contest had even begun. But in attempting to fix this charge upon Mr. Canning, Mr. Roscoe himself halts and falters with a "*perhaps it may be presumed;*" but what can the public think of Mr. Roscoe who can ground one of the basest charges upon so unsupported a "*perhaps*" and "*presumption?*" but

that he himself is as little proof against the worst effects of party spirit, as the lowest and most violent partizan of the defeated candidates.

This gross attack upon the integrity of Mr. Canning may also be in part attributed to another cause. Mr. R. and his friends seem very sincerely to have deceived themselves into a belief that they have a majority in favour of their politics; and all the evidence of facts cannot wring from them a delusion so flattering to their vanity. Mr. Roscoe is of course very backward to admit that he has written and spoken so little to the conviction of his townsmen, as the event has proved, and his friends to acknowledge, that they have thrown away their zealous efforts upon a people who will not be persuaded that they are quite destitute of political liberty. Hence it is, that, astonished and disappointed by the result of the late election, instead of accepting, as the natural solution of the problem, that the opinions of the town are against them, the inferior writers of the party have dealt out allegations of undue influence which they cannot prove, and, in the dust of general charges, have sought to hide their defeat both from the public and themselves; but Mr. Roscoe has added this to their other *happy* conjectures on the cause of their defeat, that even the supporters of Mr. Canning were inclined to his own political views; but that Right Hon. Gentleman outwitted them, by keeping his sentiments close until "*the heat of the contest increased and the parties drew off in different directions.*" We suppose then, that before this skilful manœuvre was put in practice, the parties moved very socially together in the same track! We know not, indeed, which is most to be admired in the case before us, the egotism or the illiberality.

As we cannot so far trespass upon the patience of our readers as to follow Mr. R. through every paragraph, we

pass on to his strictures on Mr. Canning's avowal of his determination not to support the question of parliamentary reform. For this determination Mr. Canning addressed several reasons, which Mr. Roscoe calls nothing more than a "*gratuitous and unsupported assertion of his own opinions.*" Be it so, we shall not quarrel with him on this point; but the mistake of Mr. Roscoe appears to be, that he has considered Mr. C. as standing up to argue the question *formally* before his auditors, instead of stating the reasons *generally* which had produced that determination in his own mind. For this, the reasons given were surely sufficient to justify the avowal; and Mr. R. again falls into the absurdity of expecting in an election address that Mr. Canning should enter into a detail of that whole process of reasoning by which he had reached conclusions so opposite to his opinions. It is, however, rather too much to expect from a candidate that he should not only declare his sentiments, but proceed to a minute defence of each of them separately: and, if such be the doctrine of our reformers, the order of election business must be reformed amongst other things, and the *day* must be appointed for political discussions, and the *half hour* of the evening for the poll. The reasons given were those on which Mr. Canning had made up his own judgment, and not those on which he wished his auditors to make up theirs. He made an honest declaration, and left it to their choice to support a candidate holding such opinions or not.

If, however, Mr. Roscoe will persist in considering the reasons given by Mr. C. for his own personal determination as reasons urged generally against the doctrine of parliamentary reform, he will find, that they are not to be disposed of by an attempt at wit and a feeble parody. Considered in themselves only, they may stand for "*gra-*

gratuitous desertions," but regarded as a syllabus of that reasoning which has been familiarised to the mind of every thinking man, and as supported by circumstances which have fallen under common observation, it is not to Mr. Canning's judgment only that they have carried conviction, but to the judgment of a very large portion of the public. However "*gratuitous,*" it will not be considered as quite an "*unsupported assertion,*" that the "*loudest* and most *solicitous* of our reformers mean far other things than they seem to aim at," when, whatever may be the views of Mr. Roscoe himself, these clamourers for reform are *known* to be chiefly composed of men who have sneered at kings, reviled all religions, and celebrated republican revolutions; who call to mind with more than ordinary complacency the only period of our history which records the murder of a sovereign by the hands of reforming republicans; who see nothing to admire in the British constitution but the democratic portion of it; who were members or palliators of the republican societies, put down by a minister whose very name, on that account chiefly, calls up their strongest powers of censure; and who held up republican France against their own country, until republics becoming rather less esteemed, from the result of that system of government in France, they were obliged to hide their heads until a late period of public pressure excited a discontent favourable to their purpose; and having given no evidence of a change of opinions and views, may therefore justly be suspected of still proposing the same ends, with only the substitution of circuitous reform for direct revolution as the means. Whilst men such as these are amongst the foremost of the reformers, and only take more moderate minds into co-operation to serve a present purpose; whilst we see gathered round the standard of reform, the disappointed and the factious; the admirers of that foreign philosophy which has tumbled the old thrones of the

continent to the ground, only to set up a worse tyranny: the professed enemies of our ecclesiastical establishment, so inseparable a part of our constitution, and the degraded flatterers of the worst passions of the worst men, and while these are facts of public notoriety, though Mr. Roscoe and a few others may form an honourable exception, the first reason of Mr. Canning against parliamentary reform will never be considered by cautious men as inconclusive, though he did not choose to pursue it unto all its bearings.

But, says Mr. R. pursuing a string of interrogations instead of a series of arguments, "Can he (Mr. C.) expect it to be received as a self-evident truth, that every person who zealously espouses the cause of parliamentary reform is aiming only at the destruction of his country?" No! Mr. Canning expects no such thing, but he states that which is evident to the apprehension of every man; that those who do aim at the destruction of the country, cloak their purpose under this pretence; and that there are persons in England as ignorant and mistaken as the Neckers and the Orleans of France, who are blind to the consequences of uniting well-meaning, decently-reputable dullness to the cause of active and penetrating mischief. Mr. C. is aware, that there never was a cause so bad in the world, but that the most detestable conspirators could find means to inveigle within their circle some men of honest intentions and fair characters. But again (p. 10), "does he conceive it to be impossible to show the *least* feeling for the distresses of the nation, or the *slightest* disapprobation of the defects and abuses of the representation of the people, without intending to overturn the constitution?" To this we also answer, No! Although Mr. R. may be such a driveller as to presume upon so silly a supposition, Mr. Canning is a statesman whose abilities are too well known to admit of a suspicion that he could

entertain any notions so childish and absurd. But Mr. Canning must conceive it *not* to be impossible, that a whining, mawkish, unreal sympathy for the distresses of the nation may be employed as the engine for exciting discontentment among the lower orders of the people; that this *feeling*, as it is called, may not display its workings in deeds of charity, or words of compassionate comfortings, but in language to inflame and actions to stimulate to resistance against the laws. He may conceive it *not* to be impossible that a disapprobation of the defects of our representative system may be the stalking-horse of revolution with those men who have before declared they deemed revolution necessary, and have heretofore afforded no reason for believing that their opinions have undergone any change.

To shelter, however, his compatriots, the modern reformers, from Mr. Canning's charge, "that they mean far other things than they seem to aim at," Mr. Roscoe refers his readers to "*those distinguished characters of high rank and unblemished worth, who have from time to time asserted the cause of reform,*" and asks whether they were dangerous men? whether they were "*earnest to effect the ruin of the country?*" We readily answer, as to many of them, No, but we are afraid that their example will not serve to defend those persons over whom Mr. Roscoe appears anxious to throw his shield. For, in the first place, the more illustrious and "distinguished" characters named, or alluded to in this pamphlet, were at no time reformers, *in the same sense* as Mr. R. and his friends; nor has Mr. Roscoe any evidence to make it probable that those statesmen of the old Whig school would, were they now alive, advocate the cause of reform *at all*, in the present circumstances of the country, so different from its situation in their times. Mr. R. we know, is a politician above the control of circumstances;

but it does not follow that the illustrious names he alludes to ever aspired to that sublimity of speculation which overlooks the changes which are perpetually occurring in the lower regions of common life. But if Mr. R. has no proof that they would have "asserted" *his* cause of reform, we have evidence that they would *not* have asserted it. The "distinguished" statesmen of the *same school*, whose lives have been brought down to the period subsequent to the French revolution, who have lived both before and since the promulgation of those republican and pestiferous doctrines, by which so many of the lower and middle classes of this country have been perverted, *forsook* the cause of reform, in the latter period, so far as it implicated great changes, and mere experiments; and, as *they* abandoned it as a cause rendered dangerous by a change of circumstances, there is as little doubt but that the names under what Mr. R. would shelter his friends would have forsaken it too. Against this Mr. R. may set up the hue and cry of "apostacy;" but it is not permitted him to arrange all the virtue on his own side, nor, with every vulgar partizan, to pronounce a man honest, or a knave, as he conforms to, or flies off from, his political creed. They *were* men of "*unblemished worth*." We grant it; and in nothing more does their worth appear than in this, that they measured their political schemes by views of public good, and not by those rules of "*geographical proportion*" so admirably satirised by Mr. Canning.

But, perhaps, "the distinguished characters," under the shadow of whose authority Mr. R. crowds the radical reformers, are living characters. In this case we fear, too, that he is again unsuccessful. Mr. R.'s plan of reform is not to be found amongst the *Whigs*. They do not advocate his notable scheme of universal suffrage. They have opposed even more moderate and less radical

schemes of reform than this. Neither old nor new Whigs; neither the illustrious dead nor the "distinguished" living have patronized it. Not "my Lords Grey and Grenville," with all their hostility of opposition, can be reckoned on in this case; we even doubt whether Mr. R. could make sure of Mr. Whitbread. Who, then, are those "*distinguished characters*" whose very names keep the reformers in countenance? Mr. R. at length drops his generalities, and gives us the answer, "*The respectable classes of the people from the cities of London and Westminster, down to the humblest villages.*" That is, the illustrious Burdetts, and Wardles, and Cobbetts, and Hares, and Waithmans, with the "respectable" dregs of the metropolis at their heels; the *distinguished* Brougham (greatly so for his conduct in the affair of M'Kerrell, for a full exposition of which see Satirist for September last), and many others equally notorious in town and country. Mr. R. will pardon us when we say, that he has produced rather an extraordinary proof that the reformers "do not mean far other things than they say;" and we believe the public will not think that he has proved its fears to be wholly groundless, by affecting to treat them as idle suspicions.

But Mr. R. asks, *Has not Mr. Canning himself been the partizan and advocate of that reform which he now so violently deprecates?*" We think we can answer for Mr. Canning in the negative, and say that he never was an advocate of *that* reform which he now deprecates.

To countenance his assertion, Mr. R. refers to the debates in 1794, the *first year*, we believe, of Mr. Canning's parliamentary life, when, it appears (if Mr. Roscoe's quotation be correct), that he defended Mr. Pitt against the attacks of his adversaries, for having abandoned the cause of parliamentary reform. The presumption of a young man in his first session coming for-

ward in aid of that mighty statesman, who certainly wanted not such assistance, and the frankness with which (according to Mr. Roscoe's information) he declared himself ready to follow his great leader on the subject of parliamentary reform, as on other subjects, in the confidence that he would not lead him astray, might possibly entitle Mr. Canning to the rebuke which Mr. Roscoe says he received in that debate for his implicit devotion to Mr. Pitt, and which Mr. Roscoe thinks it worth while to take up and record at the distance of about nineteen years. But this very anecdote is itself a sufficient refutation of the insinuated charge of Mr. Roscoe, that Mr. Canning has ever, at any time of his public life, been the advocate of parliamentary reform. His parliamentary life, we see, begins with being a disclaimer of it. Since that period he has ever maintained those sentiments which he proclaimed at Liverpool, and which recommended him to the free choice of the Electors.

When Mr. R. affirms, therefore that "Mr. Canning has been in the ranks of reform," we find ourselves utterly at a loss to discover the period at which he was so utterly unlike what he has ever, within our recollection, been, unless Mr. R. refers to a prior date, when Mr. C. was a schoolboy. We have indeed heard that, at Eton, he was greatly distinguished; and was principally concerned in writing a very clever book, displaying, on all occasions, a wonderful precocity of genius. But we confess that till now we never understood that advocating the cause of reform was among his academical honours, or that any of the wit of the Microcosm was levelled against the glorious fabric of the British Constitution. Mr. Roscoe is perhaps better informed.

But be that as it may, it was certainly while Mr. Canning must have been at school, that Mr. Pitt was a parliamentary reformer: and it is equally certain that Mr.

Canning has never taken any part, or uttered any sentence in Parliament upon the subject of parliamentary reform, except in opposition to that measure.

When bad motives are attributed to any person, he has evidently no defence, and it is on this account that this method of warfare, as cowardly as safe, is generally adopted, when reason and good manners resign the command to petulance and malignity. But, though we allow Mr. R. to be malignant in the supposed apostacy of Mr. Canning, we cannot admit him to be witty. He has attempted to make Mr. Canning look ridiculous as well as vile in the eyes of his constituents, and draws a kind of caricature of his devotion to Mr. Pitt: but the common sneers of party which Mr. R. has in this case adopted, rest, like most other party effusions, upon falsehood. Mr. C. is represented as having changed his views on reform simply *because* Mr. Pitt changed his, and the proof is attempted to be found in his own words; whereas Mr. C. has professed nothing more than that he changed his views, because the same arguments which determined Mr. Pitt's judgment also determined his.

Mr. Canning has ever displayed too much integrity, firmness of mind, and independence, to be believed, for a moment, the blind and implicit follower of any man, however great and illustrious. What deference and respect he paid to the precepts of Mr. Pitt living, to the memory of the principles of Mr. Pitt dead shed an equal lustre upon both. But Mr. Canning's adherence to Mr. Pitt is not the unconsidered devotion of an unthinking worshipper—it is the homage of a kindred mind; and if Mr. Roscoe had looked a little further, he would have found this context, that it was only “next to the dictates of his own conscience,” that Mr. Canning looked to the example and doctrines even of the son of Chatham.

(*To be continued.*)

WALTZ, an *Apostrophic Hymn*. By HORACE HORNEM.
 Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. 4to. pp. 27. Price 3s.

A DECENTLY exorbitant price for a Poem of about 240 lines! But, thank Heaven! poetry is becoming a lucrative trade, and by and by we may all thrive and live genteelly. As a squib of the day, the matter before us possesses considerable merit; it is entertaining, and with a little pains might have been rendered much more so. After a good-humoured preface, the *hymn* commences with an invocation to Terpsichore and her offspring—"not too lawfully-begotten Waltz;" the mention of which leads to an allusion to the duel which sprung from a dispute upon the subject, when

A modern hero fought for modish manners;
 On Hounslow's heath, to rival Wellesley's fame,
 Cock'd—fir'd—and miss'd his man—but gain'd his aim.

In a long note upon the expression "Wellesley's fame," the writer indulges in an unjust and indecorous attempt to blight the laurels which adorn the brow of our hero on the Peninsula; almost or quite as disgusting as the too liberal panegyrics of Marquis Wellesley are upon the same subject. We may here notice generally, that all in this little piece which is deserving of praise relates solely to the dance which gives it a name. When the author departs from Waltz to politics, all his wit forsakes him, and he flourishes as arrant a driveller as his comrades in the same way.

The importation of Waltz (page 10, *et seq.*) is exceedingly happy, and as proper in the satire as poetical in

the style, though in part poisoned from the source to which we have already alluded: a palty assault upon the memory of Mr. Pitt; a sneer upon our beloved King; and similar respectful and loyal allusion to the Queen and royal family; are kept in countenance by a shameful note full of ribaldry upon the melancholy conflagration of Moscow, and the dreadful state of the Russians, now so happily converted into a change of the scene, not so agreeable to a person of the political principles of *Mr. Hornem*.

Leaving, however, those parts of this Poem which would induce a loyal man to throw it into the fire, we shall notice one or two of its merits, and trust that this favour and lenity will induce the author, in his future labours, to prove himself worthy of more unmixed approbation, by abstaining from the inculcation of sentiments that can only disgrace a Briton.

The arrival of Waltz is excellent—

Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight,
 Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,
 The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,
 And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.
 Not decent David, when, before the ark,
 His grand pas-seul excited some remark;
 Not lovelorn Quixote—when his Sancho thought
 The knight's fandango friskier than it ought;
 Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
 Her nimble feet danc'd off another's head;
 Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
 Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,
 Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
 Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

To you—ye husbands of ten years! whose brows
 Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;
 To you, of nine years less—who only bear
 The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,

With added ornaments around them roll'd,
Of native brass, or law-awarded gold ;
To you—ye matrons, ever on the watch
To mar a son's, or make a daughter's match ;
To you—ye children of—whom chance accords,
Always the ladies' and *sometimes* their lords' ;
To you—ye single gentlemen ! who seek
Torments for life, or pleasures for a week ;
As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch another's bride :
To one and all the lovely stranger came,
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

The gradual descent of the fair stranger from high rank
to low is also well given, and we are told—

Thee Fashion hails—from Countesses to queans,
And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes ;
Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
And turns—if nothing else—at least our *heads* ;
With thee e'en clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.

We have nearly extracted all that is worth reading in
this Poem. We trust the writer will devote his talents
to better purposes hereafter than are embraced in the
parts we have omitted to notice.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.
HORACE.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE have not heretofore been in the habit of reviewing the performances of the SANS PAREIL, the Theatre of Tottenham Court Road, the Booths of Smithfield, and such inferior places of public resort: and when any one of our principal Theatres reduces itself to a level with these, by playing, for several nights in the week, farces and pantomimes, instead of regular plays, we shall not condescend to waste much criticism upon the silly and miserable trash which they present, and which the town condescends to receive, in lieu of wonted entertainments. The only novelty worth notice is a thing entitled a farce, under the name of *AT HOME*, from the pen of the Reverend Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Baronet, Dean of Ferns, &c. &c. To say that it is the most illegitimate and abortive attempt that we ever saw endured upon the stage, is to express, in the most lenient language, the contempt and astonishment with which we were filled, on witnessing its representation on, we believe, the tenth or eleventh night of its being performed. That it reached the second night is the grossest libel that ever was tolerated upon public taste and judgment. Those who have not seen this flimsy farrago of folly, will wonder how, if it be so despicable, it could have been suffered. The secret lies in the opportunity it affords for the display of the mimetic talents of Mathews, who is the representative of that senseless fop Coates; of dramatic notoriety. The imitation is perfect, and the caricature admirable; and to see a fool parodied, is sufficient to attract a crowd to Covent Garden. That the person against whom this satire is levelled, is incapable of feeling his own contemptibility, we well know; and therefore the exposure of him by a double, as

an object of ridicule, is only doing that by proxy which he is proud of doing in his own person. But still the principle is most reprehensible, and the idea of "taking off" living characters upon the stage, which has been abandoned till now since the days of Foote, is likely to be productive of not only quarrels and caneings among individuals (with which we should have no fault to find), but of contentions and disturbances at places of public resort, which every advocate for order and decency would wish to be avoided. In every point, therefore, *At Home* is despicable—it is despicable on the stage; despicable in writing; despicable in conception, and despicable in principle.—Mrs. Jordan has redeemed this theatre, by performing some of her best characters—but we have nothing to particularize.

DRURY LANE.

THERE has been a still greater dearth of dramatic novelty at this than at the other house. The revival of the insignificant opera of Robin Hood, and the performances of the Gamester, and the School for Scandal, are the extent of its memorabilia.—As for the opera, the public will be as much at a loss as we are, for the reasons which induced the managers to restore it to the stage. Except a laudable lack of judgment, taste, and understanding, we can assign no grounds for disturbing its repose on the shelf, where it has so long and advantageously lain.—The performers acquitted themselves well.—With respect to the Gamester, and the comedy, we will content ourselves with observing, that they were both very indifferently performed.—A Mr. Elrington, whose unsuccessful debut we noticed in a former number, tried the part of Lewson, and made nothing of it.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

IN several of our later numbers, we have conveyed intelligence, and offered observations upon this subject, which have furnished a fund of matter for the newspapers through the succeeding months; and we rejoice to find that, from their exertions united to our own, the attention it merits is now likely to be accorded by the public to the state of the Italian Opera. We can assure the subscribers and the visitors to the King's Theatre in general, that there never existed a soil which more required the "weeding hand."—"Things rank and gross in nature possess it wholly;" and, to suffer the continuance of the abuses which at present fill it, would be a disgrace and reproach to the metropolis and to the country. We are fostering a nest of insolent and rapacious foreigners, who are daily guilty of offences, the least of which, if a native performer committed, he would be pelted from the stage, and never suffered again to show his face upon the boards. And is it to be endured that we shall enrich these ingrates, while they sting and insult us?—That we shall load them with favours and kindness, while they only laugh at, and mock us?—We trust that the folly of John Bull will not be carried so far—to open whose eyes, before we speak of the *performances*, we shall say a few words of the *performers* of the past month, and put it to the common sense of the country, if such scandalous conduct, of which the arrogance is only matched by the cupidity of the parties, ought to be tolerated?

CATALANI.

The new Opera (of which more anon) was ready for performance on the 16th of March, but could not be produced because this lady (be-

tween the 26th of February, when the rehearsals began, and the 12th of March, three days before the opera was to have come out), being *ill-paid* for her professional labours, chose to attend *only three rehearsals*!

All the other performers appeared to every call; but as such a principal singer is always most employed in the piece, the consequence of her neglect was, not only that she herself knew very little of her part, but that she was the cause of similar ignorance in the other performers, who could not rehearse the parts in which she sung (the better quantum of the opera) except on the *three* occasions on which she condescended to do her duty at rehearsals. On the 13th was the first rehearsal with all the Orchestra, and every one was present except this charitable dame, who remained at home in *charity* to herself, having sent an apology to the Opera House that she was prevented from attending, being confined by *indisposition and a severe cold*.—But mark the effrontery of such conduct! on the very same evening she went to the Oratorio at Covent Garden, to receive her emolument there; and absolutely sung at Kayvett's Concert in Habover-square!!! Does such proceeding require comment? But this is not all. Of course, after these fatigues, it was quite idle to expect her ladyship at the rehearsal of the following Saturday; and those who were at the Opera, in the evening of that day, will recollect, that, though she appeared in *TITO*, she omitted almost all her songs, and merely run over the little she did sing. Is this the behaviour the public have a right to expect for five thousand guineas in the season? Or, is it not the most shameless and impudent negligence and ingrati-

tude? Is it not also the height of injustice to the concern which pays her so magnificently? In older times the principal performers of this Theatre never went out to sing; but now they make this privilege a *sine qua non* in their engagements; and the result is, that they invariably neglect the Opera for any other source of gain which presents itself to their greed and avarice. So much for Catalani. Now step forth

MONSIEUR TRAMMEZZANI, for presumption and misconduct are not confined to the fair sex in this school of imposition. Most of the persons who are interested in the King's Theatre are aware of the particulars of this *Tenor Assoluto's* pretensions and opinions.—We shall therefore only narrate a few facts, to place the matter in a single point of view.—ENRICO was to be performed early in the month, but this *heroic* gent. refused to play in it, though he had already appeared in the character sixteen or eighteen times under his present engagement—i. e. before he had his arrears paid up, and the third portion of his salary for the present season advanced!—Unless the manager would beg it of him as a favour (Heaven pardon our etiquette!) he would positively not disgrace himself by assuming the low character of Henry the IVth!!! Again, the general admiration of Mozart's music is well known, and it is equally notorious that the *Nozze di Figaro* is a public favourite which the frequenters of the Opera are desirous of seeing upon the stage.—Tramezzani has been repeatedly applied to by letter, and by special embassy, to perform in it agreeably to the wish of the subscribers and the general inclination of the town: but in vain; like Enrico, Count Almaviva is not fit for this Hero's acceptance, and with 1500 guineas of salary there are not above three or four parts in the line of Opera that can be found suitable to his taste, so as to induce him to undertake them!! We shall not enter into the dispute upon the construction of the words of his engagement, or decide whether the

literal meaning of "serious and heroic Operas" does or does not compel him to take heroic characters even in Operas not strictly "serious"—but this we will say, that to stand on such punctilios, and to behave with such unaccommodating disregard to the wishes of the public (even were he right in his construction of the deed) is at once intolerably offensive, insolent, ungrateful, and shameless. The *Nozze di Figaro* was, in consequence of his refusal, very indifferently got up on the 9th, and resentment was so much excited by the conduct of this person, that, on his next appearance, he was, notwithstanding the mixed quality of an Opera House audience, overwhelmed by almost universal marks of disapprobation. He addressed the House in an Italian harangue, in which, after the Kemble fashion, he desired to know "*what they wanted?*"—by what, after 4½ years of favour and distinguished kindness (pretty grateful he has shown himself to be for it), he had incurred the displeasure of the public? Were he informed of their wishes, and were it in his power, he would do all he could to fulfil them." We will tell him what are the public wishes, that he may not pretend to ignorance hereafter. The public wishes him to perform *noble parts*, such as Enrico IV.—the public particularly wishes him to play *Almaviva*—the public wishes him to do that after his arrears are paid which he did before—the public wishes him to attend to the wishes of others; of the manager who has been obliged to procure sureties for his future payments, and of the subscribers who pay him—the public wishes him to do his duty, and thinks that it would better become him to extend it beyond the *letter of the bond*, than to insist on submission and points of etiquette from Mr. Taylor—in fine, the public wishes, and will command deference to its opinion, or Mr. Tramezzani will not be permitted to walk these boards to the end of the season. Why, what a fellow is this! There was no Opera on the

16th, because Catalani was conveniently ill in bed; Mrs. Dickons (who by the way ought not to appear in Italian Opera at all) engaged at Drury Lane; and the only Opera which, under these circumstances could be given (Enrico), he refused to play in, unless, forsooth, the Manager advertised the public of his unwonted condescension. Thus the subscribers were defrauded of one of their dearly-bought nights of Opera amusement!

ANGIOLINI.

The friends of this light-heeled personage, after two or three partial and vain attempts to force her upon the establishment, have desisted from a species of patronage, which, as every dancer and singer have their circle of admirers to act the same Drama, must, if yielded to, destroy the concern. The advertisements from the Theatre appear to us to have set the transactions between this damsel and the Theatre in a very correct light; and while she has shuffled and shifted in appeals, have shown that first dancers, like first singers, are a most dictatorial, haughty, insolent, and rapacious set of persons. In our opinion, she was more than sufficiently paid under her former engagement, and has no right to demand an increase. On the subject of her refusing to fly, we have been favoured with the two following epigrams:

Thousands afraid, or loth to die,
From peril meanly strive to fly,
But Angiolini in this land
Will never fly while she can stand.
To fear she needs must be a stranger,
Who flies not on account of danger.

As Angiolini will not soar,
Nor be an angel any more,
Suppose to Taylor they apply,
He may perhaps consent to fly.

We shall now turn to, and very shortly dismiss, the performances. —The *Hamidriade*, trifling as it is, is a change; but even were the corps de ballet most complete, and the funds most sufficient (instead of miserable

deficiencies in both), the Opera House stage is not adapted for the representation of anacreontic or fairy dances, which require more room than it possesses, for the machinery necessary to a superior production of this sort.

A new divertissement has been brought out since our last, and received with tolerable encouragement.

But the chief novelty is the serious opera of *Boadicea*, produced on the 24th, written by *Bubnaiti*, and the music by *Pucitta*. The plot is taken from that period in the history of this British heroine, when she vanquished Cerealis, immediately before the arrival of Paulinus Suetonius from Mona; when the proprietor turned the fate of the war, and totally defeated the Britons near London. The time is well chosen, and flattering to British feelings; and the author has availed himself of the opportunity it afforded him of paying some happy prophetic compliments to our national character, and military and naval greatness, in the last scene. —This scene Catalani, from not having taken the pains to master it previously, necessarily contrived to mangle and spoil. She delivered herself from the car with all the wildness of a Pythoness, uttering instead of pronouncing her words, and humming instead of articulating her notes. The music is entirely new, and was well received—it is, however, deficient in character. *Tramezzani* exerted himself, and was very successful.

Before we take our leave of this opera, we shall shortly notice an article which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* upon it, three days after it was performed—and evidently the work of a party concerned. With many of the opinions in that article we coincide, and in none more than the following:

“ It will naturally be asked from whence proceeds all this absurdity? We reply, without hesitation, that the fault is with the subscribers and with the public, whose apathy in whatever concerns the

stage, whether Italian or English, increases daily, and will, if not arrested in its silent progress, end in the annihilation of all good dramatic representations. Managers and performers now govern the public; they are suffered to control the taste and judgment of every audience, and they will finally destroy both, if some powerful hand is not raised to protect them. This protection may be afforded by the press, and we call upon our brother journalists to aid us in our efforts for this purpose. Our desire is not to injure individuals, but to support the arts."

We also agree with the writer in opinion, that many of the dresses were grotesque and absurd. Boadicea, for instance, with the mantle of a Roman lady—Why should Catalani throw away the British dress provided for her, because it was not ornamented with splendid fringes, and the glister of gold and silver; and boldly, in defiance of costume and common sense, head the Britons in the mantle of *Vitellia from Tito*? The Morning Chronicle censures the author of the piece for this; but were the writer of the censure, as fair as he

is the reverse, he would state, for he ought to know, that it was entirely the doing of the person whose scribe he is upon this occasion!! That our brave British ancestors appeared without shields was another anomaly—we are afraid there were no such defences provided for them, and that if they searched the armory of the theatre throughout, they must in the end have contented themselves with Roman bucklers, or performed in all the valour of nakedness.—It is but common justice to say, in defence of the poet, that we believe the stage queen would not dress in the striped gown of Boadicea, and that the theatre afforded no skins of beasts, or British shields; but, wherever the blame lies, all such aberrations from propriety of costume should be hissed and hooted from the stage.

A new heroi-comic ballet is in preparation, called *La Chaumière Hangroise, ou Les illustres Fugitifs*—it is expected to be a grand spectacle.—Mad. Ferlendis is still daily expected; she has been detained by an intermediate engagement at Stockholm.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Conductors of a periodical Work may, with small share of vanity, direct the public attention to any production which he may have received and inserted, from an opinion of their excellence. We have therefore little hesitation in recommending to notice the poem of "ALL THE MIMES," commenced in this Number; a poem which would do honour to a Churchill, for force and manly vigour, and which we have no doubt will be highly relished by every man of literary judgment and sound principles.

S. will observe, from the contents of our present number, that we are not unfriendly towards him; but he must be aware, at the same time, that if we gave insertion to his Criticism on a performer whom we did not see, we should at once compromise all our claim to impartiality and justice.

We received the "Modern Love Ode," signed "Roderick Random, aged 14 years."—It is too luscious and warm for our publication; and, though the writer is a promising shoot, who does not altogether lack poetical talent, we may address him, as his predecessor namesake was addressed, "Ah! God help thee, Rory! more sail than ballast."

The humorous article on Modern Duelling in our next.

TO MUSONIUS.—The Editor has been so perfectly engaged, that he has not had time to consider your favour. An answer shall be sent on the 10th, addressed M. M. Post Office, Windsor.

BLACK ROD, although no relation to Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, will see we have been prompt in availing ourselves of his favour.

Owing to a miscalculation, we find, on making up our Copy, that, notwithstanding the addition of an extra half sheet to this publication, the Review of Rokeby, and various other articles printed, must be postponed till next month.

We are tired of saying, "Many favours are under consideration, and many acknowledgments to be made to kind friends;"—but so it is.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN compliance with the fashion of the times, the Conductor of the *Satirist* has consented to the addition of an advertising sheet at the end of every month's publication. From the extensive and rapidly increasing circulation of the *NEW SERIES* of this Work, it certainly presents a favourable medium for the dissemination, among all ranks of society, of those notices pertaining to the *arts, literature, trade, &c. &c.* which the parties most interested in their being universally known are anxious should meet every eye. Advertisements, which, amid the mass in the columns of a newspaper, often escape attention, may find a happier chance of celebrity, when appended to the pages of a monthly work, which is so generally read, and, instead of being thrown aside, like a daily print the moment it is perused, lies for many weeks on the tables of all classes of the community, and is referred to and reperused at subsequent and distant periods.

It is only necessary to add, that advertisers who approve of this mode, shall have their favours handsomely and conspicuously printed: hereafter the various kinds of advertisements shall be classed under distinct heads; and, while the body of this work shall (it is hoped) continue to maintain its increased influence and reputation, the added sheet will form an useful appendage, and be the means of giving greater publicity to useful inventions, commercial intelligence, and literary information.

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